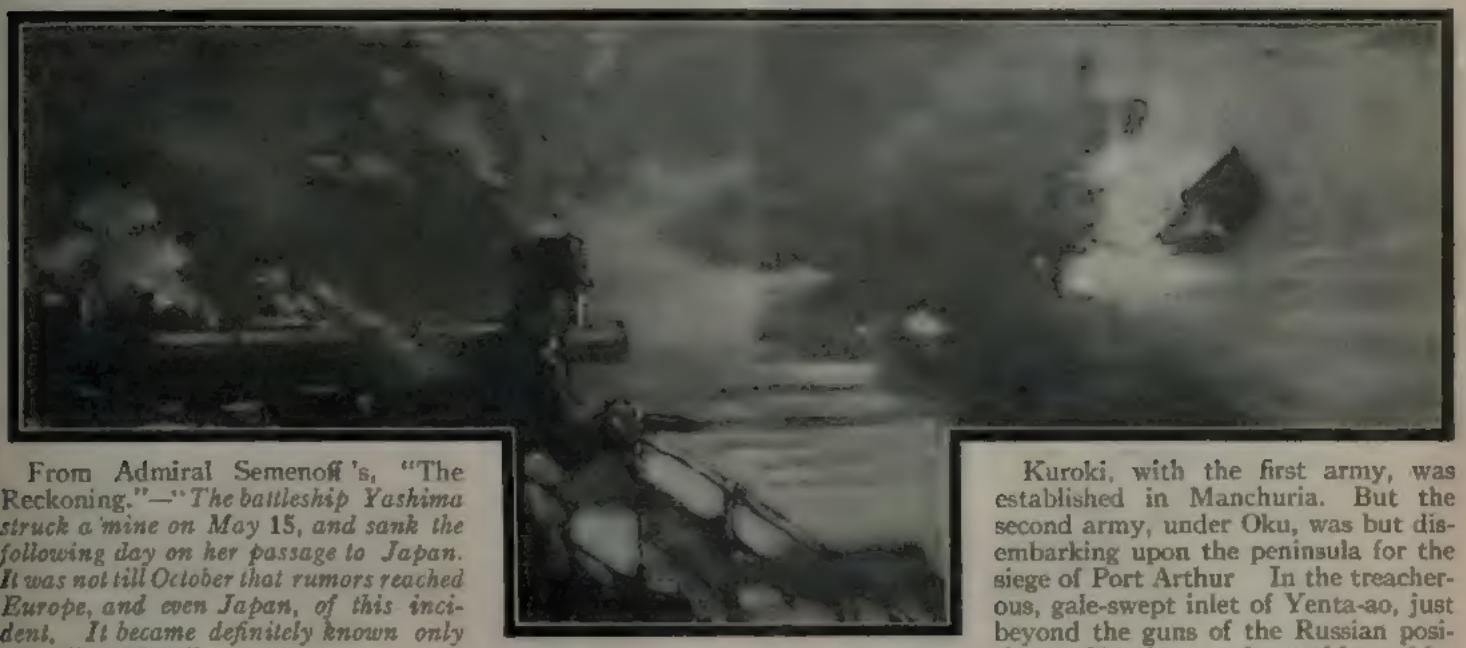
VOL. XVII.
NO. 2

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
DEC.

# As Keissheitai



From Admiral Semenoff's, "The Reckoning."—"*The battleship Yashima struck a mine on May 15, and sank the following day on her passage to Japan. It was not till October that rumors reached Europe, and even Japan, of this incident. It became definitely known only after Tsushima.*"

. . . . . .

By Edwin Balmer

*Author of "Via Wireless," "Counsel for the Defence," "A Wild Goose Chase," etc.*

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

EAST of Port Arthur and south—so far out in the Bay of Korea that only the extreme Russian forts topping the last Laoteshan mountain gave the glint of land as the rocks caught the rays of the rising sun—a single Japanese torpedo boat drifted.

It was not entirely out of control. Smoke constantly streaked from the funnels as fresh coal was spread over the fires; but the screw scarcely turned—no more at any time than to save steerageway enough to hold the Sansanami's unshattered starboard bow to the waves dashed down by the ragged wind from the foam-beaten Korean gulf. The steam was being made for the pumps. For, from six feet short of the stem half-way to the beam, the port plates of the torpedo boat were crushed and battered in. Canvas, lashed over the worst of the hole, stayed the sea from flooding in unchecked as the Sansanami rolled; but above this leaking patch, and about it, and between the parted plates bent in below the water line, the sea rushed in. Too much for the pumps. With all the opposed violence of the boilers palpitating them, each moment the pumps barely put off the sinking of the Sansanami for another moment. So it had gone all night, with officer and crew bailing alike with buckets—ceaseless, no man once sparing himself till he dropped from weakness in the water which he had not lowered.

It was the morning of the 16th of May—the fourth month of the blockade of Port Arthur by sea. At the mouth of the Yalu, two hundred miles to the north, the first battle for the Manchurian mainland was over. For more than two weeks the honored spirits of the Japanese soldiers who fell in the assaults there had dwelt in the Temple of Kudan; already, from some of the regiments, names of those imperishable ones had begun to reach their brothers in the fleet.

Kuroki, with the first army, was established in Manchuria. But the second army, under Oku, was but disembarking upon the peninsula for the siege of Port Arthur In the treacherous, gale-swept inlet of Yenta-ao, just beyond the guns of the Russian position at Nanshan, and not thirty *ri* by sea from Port Arthur, the Japanese transports tore at their anchors. The two miles of wild, roaring water between troop-ships and shore daily were strung with overloaded, shrieking launches, half-swamped sampans, and ships' boats tumbling the soldiers toward the land.

But a few miles further up the beach were the Japanese army base and supplies at Pitsevo.

All these—and all that these promised—therefore lay at any hour at the mercy of the Russian battle-fleet at Port Arthur, if Togo's guard should fail. All these and more—the victorious corps on the Yalu, as surely as the brigades in camp upon the peninsula—were equally subject, if the Russian ships should give battle now and, with fortune, could cripple Togo's fleet.

So never was there a dawn upon which the Admiral had such need to expect that every man and every ship was fit for its duty, as upon this sunrise which found the Sansanami all but sunk from its commander's unwarrantable act.

It was, indeed, the atom of the fleet—the smallest armed vessel under the Admiral's command. Except for the

Copyright, 1914, by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LIMITED. All rights reserved.

hulks which dragged for mines, and the hulls to be sunk to block the channel, the Sansanami probably better could be lost than any other ship.

It was nineteen years since she was bought in England, and got the name and rating, "Sansanami, torpedo-boat of the first class." It was ten years ago—the year before the Chinese war—that already the Sansanami had become "of the second class"; and its name began slipping from it upon the navy records. For it was now six years that, officially, the quivering quarter-inch plates at the stern had borne but a number; since the Navy Yards charged repairs and refitting to "third-class torpedo boat No. 108"; and since a sub-lieutenant, with a torpedo-gunner second, was fixed as sufficient command.

Therefore the loss of the Sansanami could not, even at this moment, be of much concern. But to the drenched, haggard men, fighting back the sea with buckets, the saving of the ship meant more than life; and to young sub-lieutenant Yasui, upon the bridge—the boy responsible, in command—it meant, beyond life, his whole hope for imperishable honor, his destiny with his forefathers for eternity.

From the beginning of the blockade, both Russian and Japanese had been planting contact mines thickly about the harbour entrance. Those of the Japanese had blown up and sunk the Russian battle ship Petropavlosk the month before. But the Russian anchored mines had accounted for but unimportant gunboats of the Japanese fleet. So for weeks their mine-layers had been sowing mines at night on the bottom where the watching battleships and cruisers steamed back and forth at their stations; other mines—ugly, iron monsters, floating just below the surface of the sea with only their five-spiked heads showing at the surface—were strewed so as to drift out anywhere where the Japanese ships might encounter them.

The order had gone to the torpedo-fleet to destroy these, wherever found. Through over-eagerness in destroying these floating mines, sub-lieutenant Yasui brought the Sansanami too close to one, which he exploded.

Immediately he had ordered the screw all but stopped, the pumps started. Strong Takesaburo, the stoker—the best swimmer and diver—took a rope in his teeth and twice dove with it and carried it under the sinking stem so that canvas could be drawn over the gap and secured.

Thus officer and men fought it out alone, through the afternoon and night, beseeching the spirits of the gale which so often died down with the dawn to spare, not them, but the Sansanami at sunrise.

So the boy upon the tiny bridge, searching the white waves for a sign, rushed below to tell his men:

"The wind is becoming less!"

"My commander," said old Majuka, his torpedo gunner, "are we so poor in spirit you must spur us?"

The sailor beyond him likewise managed a smile. "Lieutenant, have you begun to have fear for the sinews of the pumps?"

Yasui returned to his bridge. He saw there was now but little more danger in forcing his vessel through the waves than in drifting with them.

The engine-room bell jangled; the throb of the turning engines became companion to the beat of the pumps. The stem of the Sansanami swung boldly and drove direct for the naval base at Hai-Yun-Tao, in the Elliot Islands, twenty miles off Pitsevo.

The sun, half an hour high, flooded the white-specked sea with yellow radiance and disclosed, over the bow of the Sansanami, a blotch of black above the glistening green of the horizon. Another blotch rose behind it; now others—the smoke of the Japanese battle-ships and heavy cruisers going to watch stations off Port Arthur, relieving the lighter cruisers and torpedo craft which kept the watch at night.

As he saw this, Yasui suddenly realized that the safety of his ship had deprived him of escape by death from disgrace.

In a few moments, he must proclaim failure from his flagstaff to all the ships in sight. They had seen the Sansanami and the officers had made out through their glasses the wreck of the side exposed to them. Undoubtedly they had been calling to him by the wireless for some moments; but his installation had been wrecked. Soon the ships would be within flag-signaling distance. Already Adachi could distinguish them, the gray battleships Aschi, Yashima, then the flagship Nikasa; no, that second one was not the Yashima; it was the Shikishima, the sister-ship. For neither the Yashima nor the Hatsuse were there; yesterday morning they—the powerful great Yashima and the Hatsuse—with the Shikishima were on watch. So to-day they were not there. The rest were cruisers and destroyers. And then one destroyer came toward the Sansanami and a line of flags broke from the mast of the Mikasa.

"I DID NOT SEE THE HATSUSE AND THE YASHIMA. A DISASTER HAS OCCURRED?"

Sub-lieutenant Yasui ordered the answering flags broken upon his mast.

"Out of service through carelessness in exploding mine. No encounter with enemy. Able to reach base without assistance."

The signal flags upon the Mikasa fluttered down; the destroyer, which had swung toward the Sansanami, returned to the squadron. With no other notice of any sort, silently and without sheer of any ship, the fleet steamed past torpedo boat of the third class, No. 108, able to continue to the base, but out of service through the carelessness of its commander, without having encountered the enemy.

Steering into the crowded harbour of Hai-Yun-Tao at noon, Adachi Yasui looked about for the battleships Hatsuse and Yashima.

The old and slow battleship, Fuji, was there; beyond it the heavy cruisers Kasugo and Nisshin, and other ships of the armoured cruiser squadron heaved and pushed with the tide. Smoke shot up from stacks of lighter cruisers, auxiliaries and torpedo craft. Yasui counted clumsy hulks fitted as mine-sweepers with rope trawls and grapnels. But the two powerful battleships, for which he looked, were not there.

However, he then had no time for wonder upon what duty the missing battleships might have been detailed. A string of flags signalled the Sansanami's number. Obeying them, Yasui steered direct to the "Disabled" station, reported to the naval construction engineer, turned the Sansanami over to him and went on shore to report to his commodore.

He first fancied that the sadness he saw in the faces of the officers he passed was but his inability to see a smile. But soon he realized this could not be so.

Something had happened of which no one wishes to speak—something which gave the men, trying not to think of it, such close-shut, determined lips.

Immediately the thought came to Yasui, "Our army has been defeated!" For it could not be the Navy; there was no sign upon any ship of a recent encounter. It must be the Army!

He ventured to inquire of an officer whom he knew—a much older man, a first lieutenant.

"No," his elder answered kindly, but so that the boy did not venture to ask more. "Our army, after its victory, still rests before the next."

Yasui entered the headquarters of his commodore. Then it was some terrible catastrophe to the fleet which so entirely engrossed the old commodore, seated awkwardly in European fashion at his table covered with dispatches, reports and papers, which his eyes, but not his mind, examined.

"I, by my own inexcusable carelessness in firing upon the mines ordered to be destroyed, have damaged my ship so as to be incapable of service. The mine, in exploding, crushed in ——"

The Commodore stopped him sharply.

"Lieutenant Nomoto will report to me," he named the construction engineer. "Await him!"

The boy, effaced, stood back. He saw that his commander's eyes immediately had returned to the papers upon the table, that his attention had not ceased to be absorbed in the one great matter.

Yet Yasui became conscious that, though his report of the Sansanami had been disregarded, his Commodore's consideration now was including him, somehow, in the problem before him. Twice he felt his senior's keen, piercing eyes study him.

Suddenly the Commodore demanded of him.

"What is it, Lieutenant Yasui?"

"Commodore, I passed the fleet! I did not see the Hatsuse and the Yashima. They are not here! A disaster has occurred?" and he watched his elder's face for confirmation or denial of his guess. But the Commodore gave him neither.

His senior seemed merely suddenly reminded of something. He arose and, opening a drawer in a table at one side, he took out one from a number of little wooden boxes, not wider than a hand and pegged with bamboo nails.

He extended this silently.

Yasui, staring down at it in wonder, saw that there was a black name ideograph-painted in ink upon the cover; but for an instant it told him nothing. Then he recognized that it was the Buddhistic posthumous name of his elder brother of the Army on the Yalu.

The Commodore quietly slid back the cover and showed him that it was filled—with a clipping of his brother's hair, and a folded paper which contained, Adachi knew, a handful of his brother's ashes.

HE TOOK FROM HIS COAT THE ASHES OF HIS BROTHER AND STREWED THEM

"Lieutenant Yasui! Your brother—after the fire of two regiments had failed to dislodge the enemy from an escarpment—gathered and led a *keissheitai* (certain death detachment) to storm it! A comrade in his regiment, who recovered his body, sent this here for you, writing, 'Captain Yasui so many times has spoken with pride and envy of his younger brother in the navy! Before setting upon the final assault he requested of me, "When I die, please let my brother know how brilliantly my death-flower has blossomed!" '"

The terrible rebuke of it assailed Adachi.

"Commodore! Direct me to where I may lead, or join, a *keissheitai*!"

"The admiral sends in no more hulks to block the harbor," the Commodore replied coldly. "If they were to be sent, it would remain the right of those who have deserved to man them."

Adachi, holding his brother's ashes reverently, bent his head over them. His commander had ceased to think about him, personally. Lieutenant Nomoto, the construction engineer, entered. He gave his report, tersely.

"Repairs—if repairs are to be made, must be at Sasebo."

Sasebo! So he must take his ship, the command of which he just had gained with so great pride, ingloriously to Japan to be rebuilt—if it were worth the repairs. The Commodore absently dismissed the engineer.

Adachi kept his head bowed, await-

Continued on page 129.

# Christmas at the Front

## NOT MAGI BUT MADMEN; NOT SHEPHERDS BUT SHRAPNEL; NOT CHRIST BUT KAISER; NOT PEACE ON EARTH BUT A SWORD

By "Kit"

SAID the Wise Man:—"The King is coming and I go to meet Him." Two others joined him and, by Sign of the Star, they travelled towards Bethlehem. What a voyaging it was! Across level plains, where the herds of wild horses thundered in a mad gallop, or fed sweetly in the rich pastures; laboring over desolate passes, and sharp-shouldered hills; by beautiful little villages, and ancient cities, through a land perfumed by fragrant fruits, and darkened by magnificent oak groves; through narrow defiles and orchards abloom with peach blossoms; across the yellow channels of the Euphrates—prophetic river!—and by groves of date-palms—always the Star guiding with its ineffable yet gentle brilliancy to where in the little manger, between the ass and the ox, the Christ-child lay with His Virgin Mother.

Wearily the old men plodded.

And there came the night when they reached Bethlehem, and met upon the hills the "country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

Ringing through the starlit night came the chant of the Angel of the Lord God. "The glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them—Fear not: for, behold I bring you tidings of great joy, *which shall be to all people* . . . . .

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, saying:—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will towards men."

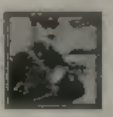
And as they sang—this multitude of the heavenly host—the small Christ, the gentlest, the meekest, the most lovable of human types, the real God in the real Man, was slumbering in His little crib in the manger between the brooding cow, and the patient, munching ass. Outside, the skies were alight with a strange glory, the angels were harping their wild beautiful music—singing their songs of Peace. The old wise men who had plodded through the desert wastes, the stony places, the fruitful orchards, guided alike by beaming star and angel voices, were moving towards the humble stable where lay the Light of the World, the promise of God to those whom He made in His own likeness, the Saviour, the Deliverer.

Think of it: that divine starlit night, the little Child willing to lie on a truss of straw between two of God's little beasts (whom we are so apt to despise and ill-treat), and the poor shepherds adoring, and the three great Kings of the East pouring out their presents of frankincense and myrrh.

And think of to-day—to-day in the trenches! Men at each other's throats, the mad charge, the bayonet pinching its way through the living flesh; the dying over-ridden by gun-carriages, the drivers—by their own stories in the London papers—listening with closed and suffering eyes to the creaking of the bones of the dying.

Christmas night! the stars glimmering, the angels chanting, the beautiful call of Peace and Goodwill beating through the air—and here, in God's world, the shocking clamor of war—the hideous slaughter—the damned work of the Devil, trying to undo the work of the patient, the laboring Redeemer on His road to Calvary.

Christmas in the trenches! Perhaps you think war is all glory, magnificent advances: men shot, but shouting admiring phrases for their flag and country as they lie in the dirt and mud, disemboweled, utterly destroyed, delirious, or pounded into splinters by the gun-carriages, which, under orders, have to crush them into the earth. Perhaps, in spite of the awful accounts in the daily papers, the battle means, as one fool-woman expressed it:—"being shot and done with." Well, take it from me, it does not. If you had ever seen a shot man kicking holes in the grass you would not count war as any sort of "glory." Nor would you talk of "heroes." We have made that name "hero" too common, but—let it go—



### *Christmas Night Without Santa; Christmas Morn Without Daddy*

We have had word already that our Canadian Expeditionary Force think, every one of them, and all the time, of Home. What, then, will it be to any of them, or to any other of our gallant, humorous, and beloved British Boys at the front on Christmas Eve? I question whether death would not be preferable to thinking of the little kiddies and Mother, alone—without Daddy, and his fine big strength and power, and his share in the Santy doings on the night before Christmas. Poor little Mother—the human creature who bore and nursed and adored the dear noisy youngsters, who wrote letters to Santy and planted them about the fireplace somewhere, as my little, but very long stockings were planted long ago. And the delight of filling them! The pretty, gentle happiness!

All this the men at the front, our tired fellows in the firing line, will consider when the Bethlehem stars are shining and the dreadful war pur-

sues its course. If only one could help with a gentle word; I wonder if the men at the heroic work will understand the dear patience and love of Mother, waiting at home.

Do you know what trenches really are? They look fine in the pictures. But, (I have been in Spanish so-called trenches) and they are pits filled with things mentionable and unmentionable. Crude Christmas hospitality!

Think now, of our soldier in some bleak camp-tent or other shelter. Christmas Night—maybe the stars shining—maybe the cold drizzle and East wind which racks Britain and Europe generally. The men thinking of the "Missus" and the little children at home and Daddy not there to help to fill the small stockings.

"Seven of 'em, I have," said the big British Sergeant: "seven little blighters an' the Missus, an' 'ere I be in the firin' line Christmas Eve, and Gawd knows where I'll be to-morrow. The pore little blighters an' the Missus!"

On the harping wings of the angels comes the message to all the grieving and troubled world—the message of Peace and Goodwill to all men. What a mockery!

. . . . . .

"Where's Daddy, Mother? I want my Daddy for my Christmas." Daddy is lying dead on Christmas morning—in a far country, little boy.

# · To Kit ·

## By Arthur Stringer

*Author of "The Woman in the Rain," "The Wire Tappers," etc.*

WHO'S the woman wid a trace
Av the lough-light on her face,
The woman wid the meltin' eyes and wid a sense
av wit?
Faith, it's Kit, colleen Kit,
The Kit whose name is spoken soft where mournin' women
sit,
The Kit that all the world must love where lamp or turf is lit!
The brogue that's on her Irish tongue is soft as Cleena
cream,
And th' light that's in her sea-gray eye is sure the light o'
dream!
And the bodagh wid a trouble,
Seein' Kit, is seein' double,
Wid a word to give him grit,—
Grit to brace his sowl a bit
And be stickin' like a burr,
Till he falls to thankin' Kit
For the likes av her, and for it!
What Erin's blade but loves that aisy-goin' smile av
hers?
What thrush that has a voice that comes within a mile av
hers?
Who patches up our troubles wid that woman's guile av
hers,
And keeps this world the sweeter for that sootherin' smile
av hers?
Faith, what's the use av arguin' it?
For it's Kit, lovin', laughin', crazy Kit,
Who cheers us on to fightin', lads, and tells us when to quit!
Who knows this sad ould world av ours and still keeps
lovin' it!
Sure, it's Kit, our Irish Kit,
The Kit who owns a heart as big as any shay,
The Kit who'd be your friend a thousand miles away!
The Kit who's quick and kind,
The Kit who's niver blind
To what's beside her way,
The rompin' Kit, it's ten to wan, ye'll spy so close behind
The rompin' troops av Tiny Folk who turn our work to
play!
For she's a colleen still is Kit,
Niver growin' ould a bit,
Teachin' us to pump a tear and drown it in a smile,
Passin' out her Irish song to aise the longest mile!
And we thank you, Colleen Kit,
For your God's own Irish wit
And for keepin' young in heart
(You and Youth can never part!)
And for comin' from the Isle
Where they're Irish to the core
And the green is niver gray!
*So miss or hit, here's to you, Kit,*
*To you, wanst more! for we love you like a mother,*
*And like a brother, and like another*
*Isle av Erin half a world away from Erin's shore!*

# St. Nicholas and the Lovers

## HOW THE GOOD SAINT, DISGUISED AS CUPID, VISITED THE ART STUDENTS AT "THE ROOST," AND LEFT SOMETHING IN LUCIUS' STOCKING

LUCIUS WAS STILL SITTING IN A DAZE, THE PORTRAIT IN HIS HAND

By Emery Pottle

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

THERE is no occasion to make excuses for Fanny and Fritz. When one is—or rather when two are frank and twenty, and, at the same time, complacently and conspicuously in love with each other, I am not aware that it is a condition in which excuses are properly made. Unquestionably they would themselves, I dare say rudely, resent any extenuation of their conduct. And any one else, as matters ultimately turned out, will not greatly be inclined to lay at their doors the obsolescent charge of indelicacy. Cecelia—Cecelia Francesca Purvis—and Lucius Prettyman did not.

To elaborate a bit—Fanny Denton and Cecelia Francesca shared together a battered apartment on the roof of a great, gloomy, rambling structure, devoted to the housing of courageously impecunious art students. I say on the roof, since the case was just that: they lived in an insecure-looking story which the thrifty owners of the building had hastily constructed on the top of everything to contain a new lot more courageous and more impecunious than the rest. Somewhere down the canal-like halls Fritz Allen also had a studio and Lucius Prettyman another.

In the daytime the four of them worked at an art school nearby—considering, with exceptional confidence, art wasn't so long or time so fleeting that they couldn't make both ends meet in a Career. Cecelia did miniatures, in a very ladylike and miniature way; Fanny inclined to conventional designing; and as for Denton and Lucius, the former dashed out fictitious illustrations for his fictitious imaginings, while Lucius toiled worrisomely along in the "life class" and brooded deeply over the possibilities of large, depressing canvases devoted to the depicting of death scenes of famous generals, and like inspiring subjects.

Of a truth it cannot be said of Cecelia and Lucius that they were in the bloom of their youth, though, to be sure, Cecelia's spirit was innocently inexperienced to an appalling degree, and she was wont to clothe herself in garments of a limply artistic drapery, suggesting, in hue at least, the immortal, blithe Botticelli maidens. At any rate her soul was youthful and her nature unselfish and beautiful.

Lucius probably never was young. The unpliable strands of his nature seemed never to loosen. One instinctively knew that Lucius's favorite poem contained rigid the sentiment that life is real, life is earnest. His high, pale brow betokened in its concentrated little knot of lines above the nose, a spirit furrowed with the ploughshare of Serious Effort. . . . He moved in and out among his fellows, a gentle, shabby, good-tempered, abnormally shy creature whom all loved, when they were not consumed with a helpless rage at the ponderous precision of his mental and physical workings.

It was natural enough that the four of them, living together in the "Roost"—so they called the parlous top story—should be much in each other's company. Youthful art is not a peculiarly solitary profession; and, moreover, their frank poverty, and the franker attachment of Fritz to Fanny gave additional strength to their bond.

To Cecelia, the wooing of her roommate afforded a first-hand observation of what to her was the most thrillingly beautiful and complex emotion of the world. Fanny, herself, being somewhat practical even in the affairs of her heart, did not encourage Cecelia's sentimental out-breathings. So it happened that Cecelia fell into the habit of confiding the progress of the delicate footsteps of love to Lucius Prettyman.

The two men, of an evening, would drop into the studio of the girls—a very proper apartment, to be sure, with the beds converted artlessly into divans and all the feminine evidences hid in the closet. Lucius really was brought in the beginning by Fritz to divert Cecelia from the fascination of his methods with Fanny. And it generally turned out that the two serious ones would early retire to the kitchen—an elastic apartment made by the folding of a screen about a little gas-stove—there to whisper and to cook up indigestible messes for refreshment; while Fritz and Fanny—well, it really is not our province to disclose the sweet story of their affections.

It was in late October when Fanny briefly apprised Cecelia that she was engaged to Fritz. Cecelia kissed her rapturously. "My dear, my dear," she cried softly, "isn't it *wonderful*!"

"O, I don't know," remarked her friend, sharpening a lead pencil judiciously. "Fritzie is a nice boy. And I'm sure he's very lucky to get *me*."

Cecelia was staggered. "Oh, Fanny! How *can* you! Oh, it seems to me love is the most beautiful——"

"O yes, everybody gets it sooner or later, they say," broke in Fanny prosaically. "It takes an awful lot of your time, though. Heavens! I

haven't done a thing in a month."

"Dear, how can you joke about it?" sighed Cecelia.

Fanny looked up in surprise. "Mercy Cecelia, it's no joke. Lend me your gamboge, will you?"

Poor Cecelia, she was too bewildered to reply.

That same night Fritz lounged into Prettyman's room. Lucius was brooding solemnly over a pipe.

"Well, Lucy," Fritz let fall casually, "the little girl and I have hit it off."

"I beg your pardon," said Lucius uncertainly.

"Fanny and I, you know—engaged—'love, true love, undying,'" grinned Fritz with appreciation.

Lucius rose with grave ceremony and put out his hand. "Allen, I—I congratulate you, sir, she's a splendid woman. You are a fortunate man."

"Sure, Lucy, that's the eye. She's a little peach. Guess we'll do the trick all right."

Prettyman sat down heavily. He could not grasp the *insouciant* Fritz's attitude.

"But——" he hesitated laboriously.

"You aren't going to cry about it, are you?" said his friend briskly, lighting a cigarette.

Lucius seemed about to reply; instead he lapsed into a mood of impressive thoughtfulness. After a long silence he stammered blushingly, "Ah—Allen—ah—did you—ah—if you don't mind my asking—was it—ah—*hard* to do?"

"Was *what* hard?"

"Why, the—the—the *asking* her, Allen?"

Allen's eyes twinkled. "Well, old boy, it—it was harder *not* to, you know."

"Ah," ejaculated Lucius uncomprehendingly.

"Ever tried it?" confidentially remarked Fritz.

Lucius flushed. "No sir, I—I—I——"

"It's great," said Allen, as he departed, "you never can tell till you try."

Lucius Prettyman sat for hours that night, alone in his room, scarcely conscious of the chilling atmosphere, musing modestly on the strange, maddening ways of love. The result of his cogitations amounted to this: "I couldn't do it, I couldn't—I don't see how they do."

The next day he overtook Cecelia on her way home from the art school. For some reason they both flushed scarlet at sight of each other. It was very difficult to start any suitable topic of conversation. At length Cecelia timidly referred to the flames of the divine fire which now publicly lit the souls of Fritz and Fanny. The two discussed the situation evasively. They wondered if, after all, "their love was——they seemed so——Love, real love, was such a—— Yes, it was a noble, a——" But there was a new and discomforting element between Cecelia and Lucius that attracted and compelled, even while it distressed and bewildered. It was precisely as if these two onlookers somehow were vicariously assuming all the sweet confusion, all the tumultuous emotions, the modest esctacies that Fanny and Fritz seemed not to undergo. Cecelia, indeed, took the conversation so seriously that she went to bed with a nervous headache.

Once the crucial hour of engagement was over, Fanny and Fritz had more leisure to look about them. They bore the rosy wreath of love with great composure. And since there is that in love—like misfortune—which dislikes singleness of experience, they presently cast about them to involve their unattached friends in a toil like their own.

"Wouldn't it be simply perfect if poor old Sissy and Lucy should fall in love with each other?" considered Fanny, one afternoon.

"Those two!" replied Fritz. "Why, there's no more chance——"

"Oh, isn't there! Watch them. Cecelia is a *mush*."

"But Lucy—why, you'd as soon think of a Methodist chapel playing on the beach at Coney Island, as Lucy in love."

"Pooh," retorted Fanny, airily, "he's mad about her. Don't tell me. When they're old and get it they're perfectly *dotty*. I've seen it in them."

"Have they said anything?" inquired Fritz, fascinated at Fanny's idea.

"*Said* anything! They don't *dare*."

Of a truth, it would seem that the astute Fanny had accurately diagnosed the situation of Cecelia Francesca and Lucius. Up to the time of the culmination of Fanny's romance, the two had taken each other's society in a grateful, unconscious freedom, but now their slightest encounter covered them with a dreadful confusion. They became tongue-tied, though the desire to talk was riotous within them. The embarrassment of Lucius, in especial, was distressing to observe. Cecelia

"OH, IT'S MEAN! CRUEL! FANNY, HOW COULD YOU! O DEAR! O DEAR!"

clad herself in dull draperies of a sombre hue—as if she were doing a penitential office for the soul of love. In fact, instead of performing the light-hearted service of cup-bearers to the young gods, Fanny and Fritz, they hung about funereally in corners.

This abysmal condition was, in the early stages, a delight to the lovers. They considered it an ephemeral affectation, due in part to age and in part to extreme inexperience. Therefore, to help matters along, they made jovial comments with ill-concealed meanings to Cecelia and to Lucius—a form of diversion of so ghastly and so indelicate a character to the serious pair that Cecelia was wont to end the evening in a burst of tears. On one occasion when Fritz referred, with humorous intent, to love as an unscratchable itching of the heart, Cecelia became almost faint with disgust, and poor Lucius got up ponderously and retired to his own quarters. So brazen were the manifestations of affection on the part of the engaged ones, and so poignantly barbed were the insinuating arrows of their wit, Cecelia could no longer bring herself to comment upon the case to Lucius, while he, in turn, almost dreaded the sight of her.

They avoided each other. Prettyman no longer came of an evening to the studio of the girls. And Cecelia, anguished of heart, would retire alone to the kitchen, there to sniffle weakly, her ears stuffed with cotton that she might not hear the lovers. The very necessity, as they conceived it, that sundered their companionship, worked, as one might expect, to the incandescence of their, as yet, unnamed emotions. Cecelia, in a blush of maidenly indiscretion, secretly painted from memory a miniature of Lucius—which on completion she hid. Prettyman left off the imaginary composition of battle scenes and let his mind wander to the delights of statuesque houris—with the face of Cecelia—washing their feet publicly on marble balconies.

When, toward Christmas, Fanny and Fritz were forced to the conclusion that their amorous devices to entrap their friends were resulting in apparent failure—for Fanny's intuitions, agile as they were, could not compass a concealed love, like the worm i' the bud—they were frankly annoyed.

"They're a pair of dubs," said Fritz, in irritation.

"Sissy is really the limit," acquiesced Fanny. "I'm sure we've done all we could to help the thing along."

"Oh, well, I move we shake them both. They're too old to fool with. They've had their chance." And with this Fritz closed the discussion.

On the afternoon before Christmas Day Fanny was alone in the studio, dressing to go out with Fritz. Discovering that at the moment she had had no clean pocket-handkerchief, she resorted simply to Cecelia's stock. Rummaging through the latter's modest trunk for the article in question, she unearthed the miniature of Lucius.

"Well, my heavens!" she exclaimed. "The silly old things." Whereupon she sat down abruptly and shrieked with laughter.

Fritz found her on the floor, the miniature in her hand, giggling. She held it out to him mutely, too overcome for words.

"Great goodness," he cried, "it's *Lucy*—Lucy, looking like a perfect lady of the 1830 type!"

"I ask you!" began Fanny, recovering speech, "I ask you! I found it in Cecelia's trunk. I was looking for a hanky. She did it!"

"The sly thing! Fan, this is great! What'll we do with it?"

"Do with it! 'Tisn't ours—we'll put it back. Sissy'd die if she knew we had seen it," said Fanny.

"Not on your life we'll put it back. Let's have some fun out of it."

"But Cecelia——"

'Cecelia nothing! She's fooled us. We'll fool her."

"Now Fritzie—I won't stand for—"

"Oh, that's all right—it'll be the joke of our lives. Ah, say, don't fuss, think of the fun."

"Well," weakened Fanny, "it would be fun to do something with it."

"I'll tell you what! We'll do it up and send it to Lucius for a Christmas present. He won't think of its being a josh, anyway. And he knows that no one but Sissy could possibly do a miniature of him."

"It's a sweet idea," replied Fanny rapturously. "We'll do it now while she's away. . . . She must be crazy about him. Do you suppose he——"

"Well, he will be, if he isn't now, when he sees this!" assured Fritz.

The miniature forthwith was wrapped up delicately in white tissue paper and tied with a little white ribbon in which was tucked a piece of holly. "That's bully," declared Fritz joyously, "and I'll leave it in Lucius's room when he's out to-night—he's going to some beastly lecture on Art."

"Sissy's gone out for the afternoon and she's going to stay out for dinner, too, and the theatre afterwards," reflected Fanny. "She has some grand friends who ask her once in awhile, you know. So we're perfecty safe. She won't miss the thing to-night. . . It's really dreadful to do it, but it's so funny!"

. . . . . .

That evening at an hour when he judged Prettyman would have returned from his lecture, Fritz Allen wandered casually in upon him. Lucius seemed excessively confused at sight of his visitor. He thrust something hastily under a pile of papers on the table before him.

"What you hiding, Lucy?" began Fritz without hesitation, "a Christmas present?"

"Nothing. I—I——"

"Oh, say, Lucy—I saw you now. What is it? Out with it. Can't you trust me?"

Allen made a sudden dash for the table. Prettyman tried to intercept him. He was too late. Fritz, warding him off with one hand, held up the miniature in the other, yelling with glee. "O, Lucy, O, Lucy! It's a picture of you!"

"Give that here," demanded Lucius, peony-red.

Allen regarded the little portrait critically. "It's mighty good, Lucy, it's fine. Who did it?"

"I—I—I——"

"Out with it!"

"I don't know. I found it here," confessed the reluctant Lucius. "I suppose it's a gift."

"Oh, tell that to the elevator-man! You can't fool me," giggled Fritz. "Naughty, naughty! Say, who did it, Lucy!"

Prettyman attempted dignity. "You needn't believe me if you don't care to. I found it here when I came home."

"Found it *here*, old man! You don't say so. That's funny!"

Allen sat down and eyed Lucius solemnly.

"It was here when I came home," repeated Lucius awkwardly. "I—It is very strange."

"Strange! I should say so. But—say, Lucius, there's only one person who could have done it."

"Allen, what do you mean?"

"Mean. Oh, you know. Cecelia Francesca Purvis! That's whom I mean."

Lucius was flooded with sentimental blushes. "Oh, no, I—*Oh, no!*"

"Sure she did, old boy. I—well, of course, I don't want to butt in on your affairs—well, it looks, you know, as if——"

"Allen, I won't have you talk that way about a lady."

"Why, no offense, Lucy, I'm sure. It was mighty nice of her."

"You don't think, Allen, that she—"

"Well, Lucy, what I think is this: That girl is strong for you. Of course, if you don't care for her, why——"

It happens that way at times. The most reserved and timid of us reach a point when our doors are opened wide, when we speak with the tongues of men about the angels. It was so with Lucius Prettyman. He began to talk to Fritz. He talked wildly well.

There was nothing hidden in him that was not revealed, and even the light-minded Allen became nervous and uncomfortable. And the burden of Lucius's song was always Cecelia, Cecelia, Cecelia. Fritz had a sickening feeling that the thing had ceased to be a joke.

"If you feel like all this you say you do, old chap," Allen got out lamely, "you ought to do something about it. I'd *tell* her."

"Oh, I couldn't. I don't think I could," stammered Lucius, cold with fear at the thought.

"I'll tell you what," Fritz suggested hopefully, "you write her a note and ask her to meet you in the Park to-morrow morning, Christmas Day, and say you have something *important* to tell her. Don't mention the miniature—that would embarrass her. Just tell her you want to talk to her, and I'll slip it under the girls' door to-night."

"Would she?" Lucius got out in awed tones.

"Would she *what?*"

"Come—if I asked her?"

"*Sure* she would. Try her." Fritz was growing more confident. "You just write her. And I'll leave it at their room now."

Prettyman, between distracted love and awful self-abasement, after tearing up a dozen sheets of paper, managed to set forth his modest request.

"Fine," said Fritz heartily when the letter was submitted to his practiced eye. "That'll draw her like a—a plaster, you know."

"Allen, I don't know how to thank you—for—for——" Lucius was wringing Fritz's hand in the excess of gratitude.

With the letter in his hand, Allen hurried surreptitiously to Fanny. He judged that Cecelia Francesca had not yet returned from her festal day. He rapped cautiously on the studio door.

"Who is it?" demanded Fanny, opening the door a hair's breadth.

"Me."

"Mercy, Fritz, you can't come in! I'm just——"

"Yes, I know, but there's something doing. I've got to talk to you, I don't want to come in. Can't you—say, Cecelia isn't there?"

"No. Wait a minute."

Presently the door opened wide enough to allow Fanny to put out her head. "What is it?" she inquired with excitement. "Did you give Lucius the——"

"That's it, I did. I've just been in his room. He's foolish about it. Sat and grinned at his picture like a monkey. Went on about Cecelia till it made me sick. He's all up in the air—says he loves her like anything. Oh, Lord."

Fanny was instantly impressed.

"My goodness! What did *you* say!"

"I—I told him she was crazy about him. I think I did. He asked me what to do."

"What did you tell him?" demanded Fanny feverishly.

"Well, you know, I—I felt sort of rotten about it. He's so serious over the thing. I—say, Fanny, it looks to me like a mess."

"Stupid, what did you *do?*"

"I told him to write her a note asking her to meet him to-morrow in the Park—in the morning—and I said I'd leave it here for Sissy—She——"

"It's perfectly dreadful," gasped Fanny, "she sha'n't have that note."

"Sha'n't——"

"Certainly not." Fanny was decisive.

"But—why, you can't—you'll bust up their show if you don't let her——"

"Idiot! If Cecelia got that note the first thing she'd do would be to go and look at that old miniature. And it wouldn't be there. And she'd accuse *me*. And there'd be a sickening time."

"But, Fan——" Allen was utterly confused at the turn of affairs.

"You've got to get that picture back, somehow. I don't care how. Give me that note. *Give* it to me. Cecelia sha'n't have it till you get the miniature."

"How in the deuce can I get it?"

"When is he going to meet her?" asked Fanny.

"At nine, I think."

"Well, while he's out then, you'll have to break into his place and steal it and bring it here. I'll put it back. Then I'll give Cecelia the note and say I found it on the floor."

"I can't see how that——"

"No, of course *you* can't. But *I* can. It'll be in her trunk, won't it? And she can't accuse *me* of having taken it—at least, not right away. I'll get out of it somehow."

"You're dreadfully virtuous all at once," retorted Fritz, sulkily.

"It's worried me all the evening—taking that picture. And I'd *never* have done it if it hadn't been for you!"

"Well, I like that! Who found it first, anyway, and——"

"Ssh! There's Cecelia coming. Don't you dare to argue with me. You've *got* to get the picture. Cecelia, dear, is that *you?* You must be tired to death. Come in and let's get to bed right off," sweetly finished Fanny, hastily concealing Prettyman's note in the folds of her *robe de chambre*.

In all probability the somewhat imperfect scheme of Fanny's would have worked in the fashion she anticipated had it not been for a reason of which she naturally could have known nothing. It had been Cecelia's romantic custom, since the painting of the miniature, to take it from its hiding-place and to bid it the tender, whispered good-nights she might not properly bestow on the original. She did this in the kitchen at a moment when Fanny was under the impression that Cecelia was saying her prayers. In consequence, on this particular evening, Cecelia Francesca went to her trunk to perform the last sacred rite of what had been to her a peculiarly happy day—to wish Lucius a "Merry Christmas." Her fingers, touching the familiar place, did not feel the miniature. She hurriedly dashed out the contents of the trunk, her bosom heaving with anxiety. She could not find the token. For a moment Cecelia stood petrified with shame and fear. Then suddenly the truth flashed in upon her. Fanny! She must have taken it. No one else could have. The gentle Cecelia shook with a torrent of anger, the like of which she had never known. Like a wild nocturnal avenger she flew at Fanny in her bed.

"How dared you!" she cried, snatching the bedclothing from the terrified conspirator.

"O, how dared you!" She shook her violently. "Don't *lie*! I know you took it! You stole it! You—you—you—*thief*! I hate you! Where *is* it? Where *is* it?"

Cecelia jerked the collapsing Fanny from her cot and towered above her, cowering on the floor. "It's cruel! How could you! Beast!"

Fanny essayed to speak, but Cecelia looked so tall and terrifying in the dim gaslight of the room that, for the life of her, she could not get out a word.

"*Beast*!" repeated Cecelia, with awful tragicality.

Fanny recovered herself slightly. "Cecelia," she quavered, "it was only a joke ——"

But Cecelia's rage was spent. She sat down weakly on the trunk-top and sobbed. Long, shivering, dreadful and convulsive sobs. "O it's mean! Cruel! Fanny, how could you! O dear! O dear! O dear!"

To describe the mental state of Fanny is hardly necessary. She dared not speak, she lay wretchedly on her bed for half an hour, in her ears the monotonous moans of the girl over there on the trunk. Sometimes Fanny was enraged, sometimes repentant, sometimes hysterically tearful and sometimes full of nervous laughter. "I shall die if she keeps this up much longer," she assured herself. Finally she leaped from her cot, flung on a wrapper and slippers, tied up her head in a scarf and precipitately left the room. She ran straight to Fritz.

"Fritz, Fritz," she whispered, as she heard sleepy sounds within his quarters. "*Fritz*!"

Continued on page 135.

# The Dream of Prussianism

## A MAN WHO HAS LIVED IN GERMANY FURNISHES A CLOSE-UP-TO-THE-CAMERA VIEW OF THE REVOLTING REASONS FOR THE PRESENT WORLD-WAR

By A. Vernon Thomas

Illustrated from Photographs

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S recent dictum that "to come at the truth, by observation, about a foreign country is immensely, overpoweringly, difficult" shall not discourage me. This is only Mr. Bennett's humor.

For, while telling us that a nine years' residence in France would not justify him even in writing a cheap handbook about French character and life, Mr. Bennett feels himself able, "on general principles," knowing nothing of Germany by actual experience, to offer us a close analytical study of the German soldier's mind. Subconsciously in this mind, Mr. Bennett tells us, is the recollection of social and economic wrongs. And this recollection, he assures us, will, at some psychological moment of the war, prevail over bumptiousness and self-conceit, giving the battle into the hands of the Allies.

While I have no great faith in arguments based upon "general principles," I feel that Mr. Bennett is right in concluding, as he does conclude, that the heart of the German people is in the war. I reach this conclusion as the result of what I observed during four years in which I earned my living in Germany and three years in which I was similarly occupied in Switzerland, a few miles south of the German border.

During this period, for weeks and months together, I spoke nothing but German. Indeed, on returning to England, whose shores contained me till I was twenty-one, I was informed that I spoke English with a German accent! On my table as I write is a bronze paper knife which I won in a boat race upon the river Neckar at Heidelberg, my four companions in the boat being Germans. With four

GERMAN STUDENT IN CORPS UNIFORM—NOTE CUTS ON HIS FACE FROM DUELLING

German companions I have rowed on the Neckar from Heilbronn to Heidelberg in one day, a distance of sixty miles. I have tramped all over the Black Forest and the Odenwald and have been up and down the Rhine several times between Mannheim and Rotterdam.

In these amenities of my sojourn in Germany and in more humdrum occupation I have seen the Germans, I think, in every conceivable mood from Sunday-afternoon *Gemutlichkeit* to Monday-morning absorption. I have seen them in laughter and in tears, at work and at play; in brief, in most in the varied states and activities of which this our mortal life consists. I admit that all this may go for nothing in a discussion of the question whether the heart of the German people is in the war, but as to that the readers of CANADA MONTHLY must decide.

At the head of a pension, or boarding house, in a German university town are an elderly professor and his wife who will be vividly remembered by all—and their name must be legion—who have obtained shelter under their interesting, attractive and not less hospitable roof. And many times since the beginning of the war I have thought of this old couple, with whom I boarded for two years. It is Herr Professor's mental outlook which I wish to use as an illustration, but I cannot refrain from interpolating a word as to Frau Professor.

She is, I think, the most remarkable woman I have ever met. She is the Professor's second wife, and, although German, lived for many years in Alsace with her first husband. On the strength of her French connections, Frau Professor fills her pension every summer with French students and high-school boys, who come to learn German. For two or three months each summer her pension overflows and sleeping accommodation has to be found in neighboring establishments for many of her flock.

But the entire flock takes its meals in the pension proper, from thirty to forty sitting down to dinner and supper, breakfast in Germany being an unimportant and unceremonious affair. At other times of the year Frau Professor presides over a less numerous assortment of English, American, Canadian, French and Russian and German students.

The whole establishment lives, moves and has its being through Frau Professor. Not merely does she inspire

A CERTAIN PORTION OF A GERMAN STUDENT'S UNIVERSITY LIFE IS FRANKLY DEVOTED TO FRIVOLITY

the whole establishment—she is the whole establishment. Every detail of finance devolves upon her. Every tradesman deals personally with her, and personally, of course, she directs the servants. Frau Professor is the chief, and far the best, teacher of German in the pension. To provide opportunities for conversation she arranges excursions and personally conducts them. At table she is the centre of discussions, and with what art and tact she directs them! In diplomacy and strategy Bismarck and von Moltke are babes compared to Frau Professor.

I have seen Frau Professor one moment shake with temper when incensed at a loutish man-servant and the next beam angelically at a fresh arrival from France. At her beck and call are a select company of young ladies and young gentlemen of the locality whom she disposes cleverly and discreetly amongst her pensionaires for conversational purposes. She marshalls her little army with infinite skill. It advances and retreats without a hitch. An accomplished pianist, Frau Professor leads in the salon as she leads everywhere. If it is a song, Frau Professor is at the piano. Frau Professor is there also if it is a cello or violin piece.

Compared to Frau Professor, her husband, a broken down pedagogue, cuts a sorry figure. He has worldly wisdom enough not to challenge Frau Professor in the management of the pension, but he has never for a moment relinquished a claim to mental superiority. He thoroughly despises her intellectual powers, while Frau Professor in her heart has only pity for her husband upon whom she lavishes her every care. She is a big-hearted woman. If it were not that Frau Professor's surpassing cleverness reduces him very much to a cipher, Herr Professor would precipitate lots of trouble. But he gets no tether and is, to boot, a little lazy. Yet inwardly he chafes at his position in the pension. His chief revenge is to descant at table upon the virtues of his first wife, endeavoring to create the impression that, as far as matrimony proper is concerned, he has, in his opinion, only been married once.

While no doubt much of Herr Professor's mental make-up and his mode of expressing it is incidental, I submit that the essential attitude of his mind is characteristic of the German professorial class. That attitude, which was under my observation for two years, never varied and was in the main absolutist. It was the attitude of mind which assumes to decide all big things not only for itself but for others. Scores of times I have heard Herr Professor subjectively end conversations with the curt chuckle,—"*Das wissen wir.*" He would eject this formula epilogically after listening to views with which he didn't agree and after stating an opinion contrary to the one which evidently obtained, at table or elsewhere.

"*Das wissen wir.*" We know that. And the "We" in this case did not, at least directly, mean God. It meant the whole body of German professors with Herr Professor an integral part of it. They, with God no doubt in the background, had examined the matter and had come to a decision. "*Das wissen wir*" was the result. The contrary opinions of ordinary and uninspired persons were not exactly to be suppressed or even countered violently. They might be listened to with amusement and even with interest. For a little chuckle and a curt "*Das wissen wir*" would always put him right with his fellow-professors and with God.

Herr Professor's mind accepted fully the militarist position. I fail to recall from him even a hint of criticism of Germany's autocratic constitution, of the position of the Kaiser and his ministers, or of the Prussian military spirit. Indeed during my four years' stay in Germany I never heard the Kaiser discussed at any time, with one exception. This was the remark of a hotel *portier*, usually very keen fellows, that the Kaiser's telegram to

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR (WITH FAMILY) WHO SAYS "DAS WISSEN WIR"

President Kruger caused losses to German financiers. When first leaving England for Germany I remember that my father's parting word, my "*Reisepfennig*" as it were, was to keep my mouth particularly shut regarding the Kaiser. Cases of Lese-Majeste were very common about that time.

To return briefly to the German professor. It seems to me that the militarist writings of such outstanding German professors as Heinrich von Treitschke, Adolf Wagner, Hans Delbruck, Ernst Haeckel, etc., are some evidence that the intellect of the nation is behind the German war lords. It is argued that the German professors, being civil servants, cannot engage in political controversy. But apparently they can as long as their contributions are on the side of militarism.

Although Treitschke has been dead for nearly twenty years his ultra-Jingoistic spirit seems still to dominate the political professors. If there are democrats of power and influence amongst the German professors we hear nothing of them. They must be content to reserve their speculations for the dusty shelves of libraries instead of bringing them into vitalizing touch with popular opinion. It is Treitschke, the panegyrist of the Hohenzollerns and the man who said, —"Let us take Holland; then we shall have them (colonies) ready-made," whose writings are chiefly before the German people. Haeckel, now eighty years of age, although unable to solve the riddle of the universe, is positive at least that Germany is fighting for freedom, justice, and commercial fair play.

Amongst other contemporary German professors are Delbr ck and Eucken, both approaching the Psalmist's three score years and ten. Both are justifying the German war lords. Delbr ck, the tutor of princes, is the man who said of Bismarck's criminal curtailment of the Ems telegram: "Blessed be the hand that traced those lines." Rudolf Eucken, the refined idealist, is to-day justifying the Belgian campaign of desolation and destruction. Truly the German general staff works hand in hand with the lecture-room.

It was not always so in Germany. Since the present century began two great German professors have passed away in Theodor Mommsen and Rudolf Virchow. The latter was the great pathologist who converted Berlin from a disease-infected area into a healthful city. When he died in 1902, the City of Berlin carried out his funeral. Virchow was a man of wide sympathies and these led him many times into fierce political strife. In 1849 he was deprived of his academic chair on account of his leanings toward the revolutionists. Later he became a member of the Prussian Landtag and later still of the Reichstag. Here, side by side with the great German historian Mommsen, Virchow vigorously assailed the policy of Bismarck and drew from the Iron Chancellor the scornful nickname of "professor-politician." In 1865 a scene took place between Virchow and Bismarck in which they almost came to blows. Negotiations for a duel were set on foot, but came to nothing. Apparently the breed of outstanding democrats like Virchow and Mommsen is extinct in the German universities.

At Heidelberg I remember hearing a public lecture by one of the smaller fry of the German academicians, a professor named Tilly. Professor Tilly had previously lectured at a Scotch university, but he had left after a row with the students over a question of nationality. In the lecture to which I have just referred, Professor Tilly described the probable development of the German Empire. His conclusions were of the most striking kind. In what seemed to me a crude way, he outlined the inevitable falling apart of the British Empire and the absorption of a considerable portion of it by a ready and waiting Germany. What was to happen to Canada I do not clearly remember, but I remember quite distinctly that the fortunes of war were to land Australia reposefully in the lap of Germany. The point I wish to make is that it was possible for a German professor to deliver a public lecture of this kind in a German university town in recent years, and to be listened to in dead earnestness.

Another recollection which comes to me is that of Professor Kuno Fischer, renowned philosopher and Shakespearean critic. I attended several of his lectures in Heidelberg, these, as is quite frequently the case in Germany, being free to the public. Whether all the stories told about Kuno Fischer are true I am not prepared to say, but it is certainly true that his conceit was enormous. I have still a vivid mental picture of how he looked on his walks abroad in Heidelberg. A massive figure, he went along with one hand behind his back and in the other a stick. His face was large, clean-shaven and grimly set, a smashed or very flat nose giving him almost a pugnacious appearance. His was obviously a personality into which it would be next to impossible to drive new ideas.

The stories told of Kuno Fischer's conceit and eccentricity are legion. He hated beards and moustaches and relegated them to the back of his lecture room. He is said, on one occasion, to have reprimanded a bearded freshman who ventured too near the front of his lecture room with the remark that the legacy of our primeval ancestors" was in[illegible] with the dignity of a philosopher, adding that before he could begin his lecture he must ask his primeval friend to take place nearer the back. A protest against the admission to his class room of "women and dogs" is also attributed to Kuno Fischer. He asserted some sort of claim to the title of "Excellenz" and insisted upon being addressed by it. It is said of him that he once remarked how strange it is that the sons of great men seldom emulate their fathers. There's my son, for instance, only an obscure doctor of medicine, but Fischer is also reported as the saying that the German Empire possesses but two philosophers, one that "the other one" was at Strasburg.

Let us leave the German professors and glance at other sides of German life. Of recent years British sports, notably football, have been introduced into Germany and I have attained quite a vogue. I was for two or three winters a member of a German football club and noted constantly how my German companions always drifted into a machine-like way of playing and how they seldom developed initiative. Rule and order were meticulously insisted upon, not in itself, perhaps, a bad thing. But when the German young men played football they played it as soldiers. It was the same in a gymnasium class or in rowing. The military spirit pervaded. I have heard a German boy in a boat furiously denounce another member of the crew for some slight and trivial inattention. Similarly on the football field any lapse from what was considered correct play would be vigorously commented upon.

The fact is that the military spirit has dominated the whole atmosphere of Germany as fashion and pose may be said to have dominated recent atmosphere of Paris. Berlin has been well called a city of soldiers, but the truth is that the whole German nation has been a nation of soldiers. The spirit of immediate obedience to constituted authority, with patriotism as its necessary counterpart, is to be found everywhere. Conflicts between civilians and soldiers have been quite frequent in Germany. There has always been a nervousness as to the possibility of unintentionally jostling an officer in the street, or offending him in a restaurant or other public place. The tradition, of course, is that a German soldier's honor must be defended at any cost. And in the upholding of this tradition many German civilians have been murdered

Continued on page 122

# To Say Him Good-bye

## WHEREIN OULD ANNIE MALONEY, ALL BY HER LONE, GETS TO SEE HER BOY AT "SUDBRUY" DESPITE THE GERMAN BOMB

By Louise R. Rorke

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

"WHAT HE BE LA[illegible] DO YOU T[illegible]INK AT RED ENDS ON HIS GREY SOCK[illegible]" SHE ADDED WISTFULLY

"AN' I haven't the money to take me to Val Cartyez. It do be costin' a sight o' money, that do be."

"A good deal of money," acquiesced McNaughton, smiling at the wrinkled old face beside him.

"An' so," the old Irish voice went on, a little cadence of satisfaction glimmering through it, "so I just sold the bit pig—for shure I can live widout it, an' what would I be wantin' wid a pig, an' Jimmy off that far an' livin' on army biscuits?—I can get through the winter somehow. An' the money I got for the little fella' got me a ticket to Sudbruy; for Jimmy wrote me the throops do be goin' by there, an' Sudbruy's not so far. But it's a woeful long way for an ould body like me as never went on the cars before save to a Twelft' o' July in Fordham, or a bit Sunday School Excursion with me own man an' the childher. Ah, well, me own man's been dead this twenty year an' more, an' the childher—God keep 'em—scattered about the world. Jimmy's the baby—an' him off to Val Cartyez to be a soldier!

"He's a good boy, Jimmy is, an' ever since he went out west to work I've got his little bit money every week. An' he wrote an' asked me would he go—for I might be needin' it, he said; an' if—if he didn't come home, he said,—but shure he'd come home to me again!—then,—then what would I be doin'? But I wrote him I'd not be shtandin' in his way. The lad's heart's that set on it—an' all the other lads wid him goin'! It's never my boy 'ud shtay behind afraid like. For my father was a soldier away back beyond in Kilmarnock, an' his father was a soldier before that. So I wrote the lad not to be frettin' me an' the bit pig 'ud pull through the winter shplendid, and I'd ways o' makin' money he knowed nothin' about.

"But I got to thinkin' maybe he'd be a bit lonesome, comin' down by wid niver a look at his ould mother. A good-bye ye write, black an' white an' cold on paper isn't like the good-bye ye say wid yer eyes an' yer lips. An' I—I got thinkin'—maybe he's not got warm flannens on him—or maybe they'd not get quite enough to eat down there in Val Cartyez. An' I got thinkin'—maybe he'd be sick or cold widout a nip o' me cordial to make him betther an'—me boy's no coward, he's always been a brave fine lad—but, oh, I got to thinkin' maybe some day he'd be frightened—just frightened like when he was a baby an' clung so tight to me an' hid his face in me shouldher—an'—an' I got to wishin' I could ask him to mind his prayers, an' tell him I was savin' mine over every night for him."

The old voice trailed off into uncertainty. McNaughton could not see the face she turned to the window; but he felt there were tears on her cheeks.

They were chance acquaintances McNaughton, making his way northward to join his construction party at work on a northern branch line, wandering back from his sleeper in search of entertainment had come upon the little old lady sitting in nervous state on the very front seat of one of the first class coaches, her eyes keeping strict watch of a huge market-basket deposited at her feet. She was dressed in neat though rusty and old-fashioned black; her toil-stained hands crossed in her lap, were guiltless of gloves, and the feet that showed beneath her plain short skirt were cased in the coarsest of shoes. Her face was brown and wrinkled and weather-beaten, and, save for two things, she was such a little insignificant old woman as one might have found on many a railway of the north land. And the first of these was that she had an air of courage and daring almost martial, a sort of premonitory victory which shone out from her old face and found its home in the steadfastness of the old eyes which, looking for the first time on so much that was strange, yet faced the accomplishment of her task without hesitation. The second, and what had drawn McNaughton's attention, was that in the very front of the old widow's bonnet which she had worn on state occasions now for twenty years, was pinned a brilliant little toy flag—the Union Jack. McNaughton hesitated in the aisle beside her. Then,

"May I sit here, mother?" he asked her gently.

She moved over to make room a bit wonderingly placing her basket away from his feet with grave care.

"I see you're on your way to Valcartier," he said with kindly banter. "May I ask if you're a Brigadier General or only a Colonel of Infantry?"

She looked back at him with quiet eyes, his humour undetected.

"Indade, I'm not that sor,—only the mother of a soldier goin' to say

him good-bye. He was always great for flags, was Jimmy. I thought he'd like to see his mother wearin' this one An' I thought he'd ought to have something to remind him of me out there in them foreign parts he'll be fightin' in. But he wrote a soldier can't be carryin' trinkets an' such—an' I thought there's one thing he'll be always lookin' at—in battle times an'—an' even if he's wounded—an' that's the ould Union Jack—God bless it. An' I thought if I just wore this wee one in me bonnet when he said good-bye he'd be more heartened like; an' maybe when he saw it again shinin' through the smoke o' the battle he'd send a thought back to his ould mother by her lone in Keppel Corners. An' I'd be comforted a bit too mayhap, knowing I was wearing his flag.

The laughter had died out of McNaughton's eyes

"I'm sure there is no one who has a better right to wear it," he said gently

After that he busied himself for her comfort. She had "brought a bit lunch" she told him, and eaten it before she left Toronto. She was "just goin' to sit there all night long." Maybe she'd "take wee cat naps after a bit." Did he think—anxiously—if she put her foot on the basket "this-like," suiting the action to the word, anybody'd be so mean as to "go and shteal it" from her if she happened to fall asleep. "For," she confessed, "I never shlept a wink o' me eyes last night, and I be that tired I'm afraid o' me life I'll be tumbling ashleep!"

McNaughton assured her. But what was in the basket?

"Well now, I'll tell ye," she whispered confidentially. "There's lots that many a one would be glad to get. There's two good shirts for Jimmy an' a good pair o' woollen mittens Mrs. Merton (that's the doctor's wife at Keppel Village) showed me a pair o' wristlets—that's what she called 'em, stingy things; just about up to a man's knuckles an' shtoppin' there! She said they was what folks knit for the boys, but I couldn't bear to think of his poor red fingers out in the cold, an' I just went right ahead an' made him good ould-fashioned mittens. Do you think he'll like them?"

"I know he will," said McNaughton, "He'll love every stitch."

"An'," she added happily, "I've two pies an' a roasted chicken an' one o' those long muffler things for him to wear round his stomach—though," she added, with a little chuckling laugh, "I don't think Jimmy'll think much o' that. He was never great to be wrappin' up himself: he'd never be pershuaded to wear an overcoat forbye it was down to zero. I don't think he'll ever take to wearin' a muffler round his stomach! An' I've two bottles of good cordial I made meself—case he'd be cold or sick; an' a fine good loaf of home-made bread an' some butter. An' I walked all the way to Northbury just to buy me two little cakes o' maple sugar, for he used to like it best of all the sweeties when he was a wee lad. An' there's three fine warm pairs o' socks there. I sat up near all night to get 'em finished: but the last pair I'm worried 's a bit queer-like, for I'd no more yarn to finish 'em, an' I just bethought me an' unravelled the tops o' me shtockin's—shure they were too long be far, up to me knees! But," she added wistfully, "they were red. Will he be laughin', do you think, at red ends on his gray socks?"

"Indeed he'll not," said McNaughton. "Red is warmer than any other color, and it wears better. Didn't you see they were advising people who were knitting for the soldiers to put red feet in their socks?"

The relief on the old face paid him. "Is it so?" she breathed, "an' I *did* it for him, not knowin'. Shure the saints were good to me that time."

"I know just the place where you can sleep," he told her. "There's an empty berth next mine up in the sleeper. You could lie down there and have a real rest, just go to bed the same as if you were at home. I'll see that it's fixed up for you."

She thanked him profusely, calling down blessings on his head for this kindness to "an ould body all by her lone," but she was manifestly uneasy. She'd be "likely not near so well off, but betther contint like" to sit just where Misther Cole, "who was the master of the station down forbye," had put her. "An' I might loose me basket if I fell to shleep, or they'd be whiskin' me on beyond Sudbruy. As for undhressin'!—saints preserve me—I could niver do that at all at all! No, I'd bether bide where I be, thank ye kindly. I'm not used to thravellin' ways," she added apologetically, "an' I'd be more content to bide!"

McNaughton, seeing the anxiety in the old blue eyes, acquiesed

"Of course," he said, but there were pillows for people who wanted them and blankets, too. He would get them for her at least. He came back with a grinning negro porter and stood by while he made the seat as comfortable as might be, its occupant meanwhile sitting very erect and alert, one surreptitious foot on the precious basket. He left her still bolt upright, with the determination not to sleep one wink plainly showing in her eager old face

After he had gone and the few other occupants of the car settled down to noisy slumber, she sat patiently waiting. At first she peered out anxiously at every little station, fearful lest she pass her destination in the dark, though of course they had told her she could not reach it until morning. Hour after hour she watched the flitting procession of phantom lake and bluff and island, signal-lighted on occasion by the lamps of some little way-station which the great express roared by scornfully, passing out again into the night. It was like a

"MAY I SIT HERE, MOTHER?" HE ASKED HER GENTLY

dream, the strange motion through the pulsing darkness—its only reality that somewhere at its end, somewhere in this strange dark world or in another lighted one she was to find "Sudbruy" and the troop-train and her "wee lad" going out to fight. Somewhere out in that dark his train rocked eastward, and so many things may happen to a train! And to a soldier—oh, dear God!

Toward morning she must have slept for she did not hear the stopping of the train. It was the movement of the passengers which roused her, and with a vague sense that something was wrong she peered out through the smoke-grimed window. Her fellow-passengers were already on the platform and after a time of anxious uncertainty she summoned courage to follow their example, her precious basket tightly grasped in her hand.

They were at one of the smaller way-stations, "Kepanegan" it read. There was nothing in sight save the frame station house, coldly gray in the twilight of sunrise. On both sides stretched a forest of poplar and birch shutting out the rest of the world save where the narrow roadway of the track led off into the dimness of the woods on either side. A low light burned in the bare waiting-room, but nobody seemed about. Shivering passengers walked the long platform disconsolate. She caught broken scraps of conversation,—"wait here for hours," "track washed out," "a broken dam," "German incendiarism," "a narrow escape," "merciful providence," "strange thing to happen on a road like this!" "carelessness somewhere," "the heroism of a trackman," "nothing here to eat," "no diner of course on the midnight special."

From a door at the end of the station house McNaughton emerged, making his way toward her through the crowd. She hurried to meet him.

"An' where is't we are now?" she queried anxiously.

"Kepanegan. Drink this coffee, mother. We may be able to get something to eat later but there is no diner."

"Arre we on this side o' Sudbruy, sor?"

'Indeed we are, mother, — fifty miles"

"An' how long will we be waitin' here? an' why?"

"Nobody knows how long. There is a big wash-out up the track."

"An' it niver rained for weeks, sor! It can't be! They do be jokin' ye!"

"No, t'was a broken dam on the Apsinaga. But don't look like that, Mrs. Maloney. We'll get you across some way. I've telegraphed already to find the troop train. It is still four hours from Sudbury."

"An' how long will it be takin' *us* to get there?"

"About two if we had an open track."

She cast him a glance, despairing. "But the river," she hazarded, "there'll be a way o' gettin' acrost it?"

"Yes, a man four miles down the river owns a little boat. We have sent for him already. They will perhaps make a raft."

The passengers in little groups of threes and fours had begun to make their way to the scene of the disaster. The old woman's eyes followed them wistfully. "I think, sor," she said, "I'll just be goin' up after them, nearbye to the raft."

"But drink the coffee first, won't you?" McNaughton pleaded.

SHE STOOD UP UNCERTAINLY, TAKING A HESITATING STEP TOWARDS THE TRACK. DID SHE DARE TO GO?

She lifted the cup to trembling lips, then put it down again untasted. "It's no use, sor," she said, "I just can't take it, someway." Her old eyes were full of unshed tears. "I'm that worried I'll miss seein' him I just feel I must get as near as I can. An'—an' I think I'll go on to where the raft will be. Shure it don't take long makin' a raft—a few bit boards like."

McNaughton watched the bent eager figure hurrying away, the market basket still clutched tightly. He was sorry he had raised her hopes with the story of the raft. They would be too busy with the threatened track to spare time for anything but its safe-guarding for hours to come. In the station-house he waited long enough to send a message to his chief; then he followed the crowd toward the scene of disaster. At the end of the yard he overtook Mrs. Maloney. He was beginning to regard her as his especial charge and he slowed his pace to hers.

"Well, General," he said, "how's the march?"

The land on either side lay low and marshy, crowded with swamp-cedar and tamarack. It dipped slightly as they went on and a "fill" had been made to preserve the level of the track. Then the slope of the land increased, the trees dropped away, changing to dogwood, willow and water-reeds through which swept a current of muddy brown water which shoved against the yielding ballast and sucked and curled along the sides of the track. The sound of axes came plainly from the neighboring swamp. Men were already cutting trees to serve as a retaining wall. This had once been the main bed of the Apsinaga. When the road was built a huge concrete dam a mile or more up the stream had turned the main river into the north channel, thus saving the expense of a bridge here, where, on account of the low land and the treacherous spring freshets, it must have been at least a mile in length. The "fill" had been much cheaper even with the added expense of the dam above.

McNaughton and his companion entered and passed groups of excited passengers discussing the situation. A train man stopped them, saying it was dangerous to proceed but, recognizing McNaughton added, "Of course you know the place, Mr. McNaughton, you can go on through if

you wish." McNaughton had been resident engineer on this section at its building five years before. They moved forward a few yards almost to the edge of the rushing water. The Apsinaga was one of the largest rivers of the division. Now it was pouring its way down the wide reedy valley as if it rejoiced to be once more at home. The dam had been dynamited during the night—German incendiarism, it was supposed, since troops were expected to move over this line, though they knew nothing definite. It had been guarded since the moving of the troops but only one picket had been on duty as it was not supposed to be a likely point of attack since few people save an engineer would have understood its value. Picket and dynamiter had both perished in the explosion which it was reported had torn away the banks and dug a great hole in the river bed into which its waters along with those of the north branch were pouring, only to be pushed out relentlessly by the force behind them and hurried down the old channel which, long before the C. P. R. had made a great river of the north branch, the Indians knew and followed as the Apsinaga.

Where the main force of their current struck the long "fill" on which the track crossed the Apsinaga valley it had swept out every vestige of ballast. For more than a hundred feet the track hung like some giant spider web from crumbling edge to edge, fifteen feet below, the tops of the piles driven to form a foundation for the lighter ballast of the fill showed black and bare. For the main part the rails, bolted as they were to each other and to the ties, held these latter in their places. Occasionally one broke away and fell with an odd dull splash

Continued on page 140

# Card-Indexing the Babies

## QUEENIE AND SAMMY AND 'LIZBETH FROM LIVERPOOL AS LOOKED AFTER BY THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF TORONTO

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Marion Long

EMMELINE worked in a glove factory and she made $6 a week. She was nineteen. She was pretty. She had a father that the lamp posts hated to hold up, and a mother whose arms rarely came out of the washtub save for the purpose of seeking the unprotected portions of the six littler Emmelines and Johnnies who made life in three rooms a picture puzzle, even when one was sober. And Emmeline's mother wasn't, always.

Laundry work, even with a jag in parenthesis, doesn't tend to sweetness of character, and Emmeline staved out of the atmosphere of suds and sulphur as many evenings as she could. A young expressman—he was a swell dancer—used to wait for her on the corner

Of course. You knew it when you heard she was pretty.

Mother raged and cursed above the tubs. Dad took the swing-door road to temporary oblivion. But the baby came in due course, according to the placid, crushing inevitableness of almighty law. And Emmeline named her Queenie

She was a wee, claw-fingered atom with huge brown eyes and a wail. Even when I saw the City of Toronto fighting for her life some five months later, she was scarcely bigger than some of the much-desired little ones that come into a world all pink ribbons and white lace, with an announcement card ready to send to the tip-toed Clan.

QUEENIE WAS PUT INTO THE CLEANEST CRIB HER GUARDIAN ANGEL HAD EVER KNOWN IN THE FAMILY

"Git rid of her, you—" roared Emmeline's father.

"Send her to the Sisters. They'll look after her," advised her mother, staring down at the skeleton of unwantedness. "She'll only be in your way."

Emmeline herself didn't want her. Where was the six a week to come from if she stayed with Queenie? And what would happen to Queenie if she went to work? That tragedy is as old as Desire, and Drink and Death and all the other forces that had gone to the calling of this brown-eyed scrap of soul-dust from the void. Once, she would have gone back, a hank of waste from the Life-loom, not even Emmeline caring.

But here comes the difference. Into the solemn, sordid little conclave about her there stepped a new actor, a great shadowy presence called the City of

Toronto, represented by the birth-registration man who green-cards all the Queenies, wanted and not wanted.

The baby in the dirty blue-and-white checked rags had been a soul before. Now she was a citizen. Wherefore in due time another emissary of the City called in the person of one of the thirty-six Child Welfare nurses who guard the coasts of life against the raking guns of disease and destruction in Toronto. Presently, Queenie vanished from the steamy three rooms and became part of the City's big, airy house old

"I never saw anybody with less mother love in all my life," the nurse said later to the reporter, as both stood over the biggest baby in her white iron crib. "Emmeline was crushed and sullen and defiant, just like an animal that has been kicked. [illegible] her way of thinking Queenie [illegible] but I made up my mind that the only way to save Emmeline was to [illegible] Queenie. And she's doing it!" Queenie was transferred to a Creche, where, for ten cents a day, she swung in the cleanest crib her guardian angel had ever known in the family. In the morning she was called on by her friend the City nurse, who saw to the making up of the brand of modified milk the doctor ordered. All day long she was cared for by another nurse hired by the private philanthropists in co-operation with the Health Department, whose line of duty-appeal was Creche management. At night, Emmeline came in from the glove factory, paid her tiny dues and listened, apathetically at first, but gradually with more and more interest, to the nurse's helper's account of the cute ways of the crib-occupant. Queenie was a personage here, it seemed. Queenie had the prettiest eyes in the Creche. Queenie's weight-card showed a zig-zagging upward line. Queenie, despite her emaciation, was a good baby who didn't cry, 'least, not often, as you might say.

And she, Emmeline, was Queenie's mother.

Haltingly, surreptitiously at first, as though ashamed to be discovered practicing, Emmeline tried the dear-foolish baby words that came so easily to those other women who were not Queenie's mother. She put her hand on Queenie's, that hand that made the gloves so quickly, and couldn't afford to wear them. Queenie's tiny fingers closed around Emmeline's.

And even if she didn't have a wedding ring, and even if some folks did look at her under their eyelashes

WEARY WITH PUSHING A GO-CART AS A NECESSARY ACCOMPANIMENT TO GETTING OUTDOORS, THESE MOTHERS ENJOY A NURSE-AND-TED SALT

Queenie didn't. Queenie loved her. And she loved Queenie

Of course to the Health Department, the baby without a name is the exception. We chose her to lead the line of those to whom the thirty-six White-Caps minister, because she was one of the tiniest and the most needy. There are many other little Torontonians however, rich in Yiddish mother-words, Italian smiles or just-out Cockney affection, who need the nurse about as much as Queenie did, since love alone can't always read the doctor-book.

For the purpose of saving all the babies for the City, Toronto is divided into three self-governing districts, the map of which you may see at the Head Office in the City Hall, if any one of the madly-typing, deftly-filing, or earnestly-phoning young ladies can take the time to show it to you.

North Toronto, the Junction, Parkdale and the main city down to College Street, west of Sherbourne, form the district known as Hillcrest, whose headquarters up in a northern police station carries a 'phone that we wished was self-answering when we tried to interview Miss Supervisor later on in the day. Here the cohorts gather, half in the morning, half at noon, to report, take counsel, and drink what tea the 'phone allows.

The western part of the city, known as Woodbine, has also its headquarters, supervisor and nurses, as has the red-marked plague-centre that makes up the third District and includes the historic Ward, and the still-worse-crowded section to the south.

Each District possesses two Neighborhood Workers' associations which meet in the headquarters once a fortnight. Here the churches, the charitable organizations good, bad and hit-or-miss, together with the settlements, meet with the nurses to discuss for example, 3765,—otherwise the Malby family whose misfortunes have put them on file. The first postulant here was Martha, now 3765 A, who came into the card catalogue through the Infant Welfare Department, what time she decided to enter the world. Patricia was Exhibit B, for the same reason. Linda, the mother, is now C, and soon a little wailing D will be added to the subjects denoted by the white individual cards that crowd in behind the big blue one that stands for the Malby family as a unit.

If there are no complications, and Concelto, the corporation-laborer-father doesn't drink or run out of coal, the Neighborhood Association will never hear of 3765, which will be of interest only to the Medical side. But in case of want, the charitable organizations are given a push forward or a pull back, as the case seems to warrant and if necessary Ugo, Francis and Dora, the school-age Malbyites are fresh-aired, childrens'-sheltered, or sent to the clinic.

That word clinic has confused but pleasant memories for me. The Health Department of the City of Toronto, in its fatherly interest in all who need assistance, prescribed a taxi to the reporter and her nurse-mentor so that they could see the clinics—not all of them, since there are twenty-one for well babies, not to mention those for the sick-in-general and those others

again where the little chalk-faced tuberculars go—but just enough of them so that CANADA MONTHLY readers should understand the what and the why, the whom-for and the how-much-gained of this great Battle for the Babies.

The next step planned in the brain that moves the Health Armies is that there shall be a nurse with an auto whose work shall consist solely in taking up the cases of the newly-arriveds so soon as they are registered. She will see the mother, leave literature, instruct verbally where necessary, and hand her a list of the times and places of the Well-Baby Clinics. The mother will then have the free advice of specially trained workers from the start and if the vulnerable spot in young Achilles isn't discovered and promptly dealt with, it won't be the City's fault.

At present, notification of this sort is in the hands of the overworked regular staff nurses, but despite that and despite the fact that some of the clinics are held in such unintended places as school annexes, playgrounds and public libraries, their number grows so fast that there's no use printing a list of them. Better still, the attendance at each grows daily. And young Achilles personally grows like a weed.

The University Settlement is in the very heart of the dirtiest, highest-rented, one-room-per-family district and here we went to see a clinic in progress. This one, though in charge of the Settlement, has a City nurse in attendance.

While the white-gowned doctor listens to Angelina's voluble, two-handed account of the internal disturbances of young Tony, the nurse weighs Angelina 2nd, a stirring five-months-old clothed in a gold ring and a smile. Big sister Teresina sits hard by with the weight card. The smiler has gained, it appears, and the whole family will rejoice to-night and crow over those Yiddishers next door whose Sammy ain't done near so well.

Out in the hall waits young Isabella in the arms of that other Isabella from Liverpool who worked ten years in an eleven-hours-a-day button factory before she got married and came to the Colonies. Isabella Junior-ette is entered away down at the City Hall as having first appeared as an out-patient at the Sick Children's Hospital. That was a digestive disturbance the nurse says. Then she attended the Hospital's Well-Baby Clinic but it was such a long car ride that she was transferred to the Settlement as being nearer home. She has attended here for six weeks, "reg'lar as the day come round, miss," her mother tells us. Despite that, she has just held her own. Indeed, her weight card looks like a ballroom floor compared to the fireman's ladder effect of Angelina's. If the Health Department hadn't been on its job, there wouldn't have been any Isabella to chew those blue bonnet strings and do her best to tip over the cup o' tea that the Settlement will give the big Isabella later on.

The mother-institution for all the clinics is of course the Hospital for Sick Children, whose 400 beds and out-patient department and milk-pasteurizing plant have saved so many Isabellas.

Here the City does the visiting. When a case is discharged, if it were not followed up, like as not the conditions that produced the first illness would issue in a second. So the City nurse walks her dainty little shoes up the alley-way between the stable and the Greek restaurant and when she finds the little rear house, backed up into the big manure pile, she also finds the cause of her patient's downfall. Of course it doesn't happen very often that there is a literal manure pile. The sanitary inspector sees to that. Probably it's a dirty milk bottle, or a damp floor, or perhaps it's just that Ontario didn't abolish the cat when she got the chance. Anyhow, the nurse pitches in and if the family has never appeared in the file before it comes in now and all the Health-Department directed activities that centre in the clinics and the Neighborhood Associations, are turned loose on the new find.

But this is really ahead of the story, for the baby must be a patient investigated medically, before it becomes a Social Service case, investigated via the street car.

On the big airy verandahs and in the Wards of the Hospital for Sick Children we saw the little pinch-faced mites that were too much for the Well-Baby Clinics—Clara who looked like a pale little corpse, and Lily, too weak to cry, and Ernest, recovering, with his thumb in his mouth ("Oh, naughty!" said the nurse), and James who really wasn't sick at all. James had been looked after by another mother with nine children—his own having skipped—and when he wasn't just exactly well, his second parent-by-chance packed him off to the Hospital where the tall nurses argued around his crib but let him stay, 'cause of his curls.

The milk department of the Hospital provides 500 bottles a day of specially prepared nourishment for depots in town. This milk is "modified" in different ways, mainly according to five formulae, though forty little customers have theirs individually prescribed, written on cards and pinned about the wall so that all can see that the Jones baby takes so many ounces of whatyoucallit, as against Frederico Gianelli who would look like a hat rack in no time unless he got his dope in inverse ratio as to ingredients.

The problem of cleaning the bottles is an extra-special italicized proposition since many of them go to and fro from homes where, if a bottle were clean it would feel positively stuck up! Which of course, introduces a still red-headeder problem, viz:—how to teach the mothers of the bottle users to

Continued on page 136

TERESINA WILL CROW OVER THOSE YIDDISHERS NEXT DOOR WHOSE SAMMY AIN'T DONE NEAR SO WELL

"SAVIORS OF CIVILIZATION"

# The Mystery of the Jade Earring

## By Henry Kitchell Webster

*Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.*


Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from photographs. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew, who tells the tale, at home with Madeline and Gwendolen discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl, a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair, is frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey calls Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. Our hero questions Togo, his valet, of whom he has become suspicious, but gets little information. Passing a house, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in to investigate finds a warm fire in a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Staples to get rid of the effects of a debauch, and finds an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted his own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared! He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge and noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait!

### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Don't exaggerate," I said sharply. "I don't doubt anything that you have reported to me. I can't explain it, I'll agree. But there is an explanation. We may find it out—some day, or we may never find it out. But the thing really happened. I'm going to stick to that and I want you to."

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't told you yet. I've been afraid to tell you. Because, when I tell you, you won't believe any more than I do. Listen to this: Dr. Crow comes around and arranges for me to paint a portrait for Miss Meredith from a photograph—a photograph of a girl who's dead, and he takes the photograph out of its paper wrapping and shows it to me. And what do you suppose I see there? Whose face, Drew? Guess—guess whose face that was."

I stared at him and my own dry throat could hardly utter the question—the wild, fantastic question his words suggested.

"Not— Not—" I whispered.

He nodded. "The same face. The very same face that I had seen on the bridge, that I'd found painted during my absence there in my studio—the face that had been reflected in my old mirror while the sitter herself painted it."

He stood up and thrust out his hands at me with a kind of feverish energy. "Do you believe me now? Haven't you any misgivings yourself? Haven't you got right now in the back of your head the idea that you'll run around and talk to Pritchard or Foster, or some other of those big nerve and insanity specialists?"

That shot of his came uncanni near the mark, but I thrust the misgiving out of my mind as soon as it showed itself there.

"Not a bit of it," said I. "But you will be a patient for one of those fellows if you let yourself go like this. Look here! You painted the portrait from that photograph, didn't you? You could see straight enough to put it on canvas and to satisfy Miss Meredith with the result."

"Oh, my eyes and hands are all right," said Jeffrey. "If there's a kink anywhere, it's farther inside than that."

"You say it was Miss Meredith's niece you painted a portrait of? How recent was the photograph?"

Jeffrey gave a laugh that was half a shiver. "Well, that's the last question," he said. "That brings out the whole tale. The photograph, Drew, was taken in Paris four years ago. It was three years ago that the girl died. She died in Paris of smallpox—during the epidemic three years ago. And, well—you can verify the other date yourself. It was two years ago that you and Madeline visited Paris, wasn't it? You're quite sure of that?"

There was a ring at the door just then and we heard Togo, the Jap, admitting some one into the anteroom.

### CHAPTER V

#### THE JADE EARRING

When Togo opened the studio door, Jeffrey summoned him in with a nod and with a gesture told him to shut the door after him.

[illegible] he turned to Togo. "Who [illegible] Togo?"

"He Dr. Crow," said Togo. "He come one time before this morning. You out. He wait. Go way. Come back. Here now."

"I won't see him," said Jeffrey. "That's all there is about it."

"If he's already been here once," said I, "he's probably got something important to say, and if Togo sends him away he'll come back a little later."

"Look here," said Jeffrey; "you see him yourself. Find out what he wants. If he asks to see the picture, you can tell him you don't know where it is. Tell him I've been having trouble with the frame—anything you like, but get rid of him for two or three days. If you're right about it, if I'm not crazy, if the picture's just been stolen in an ordinary, human way and from ordinary human motives, we can probably get it back. Maybe we

sha'n't have to let the old lady know it ever was lost. Anyhow, tell him some cock-and-bull story that will keep him quiet for a while. While you're doing that I'll go down and see my friend Richards of police headquarters."

"I thought you hadn't much opinion of the police when it came to detective work," said I.

"No more I have," was Jeffrey's answer. "But an ordinary theft doesn't call for detective work. The police know who the thieves are; they know the fences and what particular sort of fence makes a specialty of a particular sort of stolen property. And if it's a case where they are really interested, they go and get it and bring it back. I've done Richards many a good turn before now, in my old newspaper days, and I've an idea he'll do what he can for me."

He was struggling into his overcoat before he had finished speaking, and at the end he moved toward the door that led out into the corridor. On reaching the door he stopped impulsively and came back to me

"I don't know, old man," he said, "Whether you're the greatest liar in the world or not. But you're a Good Samaritan, anyway. If you'd taken my story the way anybody could have been expected to take it, and if you'd said any of the ordinary, so-called, comforting things about nerves and overwork and so on, I don't know what I'd have done."

"I haven't done much yet," said I. "But it's my affair now as much as it is yours. We'll see it out together"

He caught my hand in a grip that fairly hurt. "Stay here till I come back," he said, as he turned again toward the door. "I'll ring when I come and find out from Togo if the doctor's gone. If he hasn't I'll wait in the anteroom. You show him out this way."

"All right," said I, and the next moment I heard his footsteps echoing down the hall.

It wasn't until I'd directed Togo to show Dr. Crow into the study that I realized I had no excuse to give for being there, or for asking his business on Jeffrey's behalf. But a lawyer is always in need of explanations for things, and I have found an excellent expedient, when all others fail, in telling the simple truth. It's apt to be quite as misleading, provided you really want to mislead anybody, as the most ingenious fiction.

Dr. Crow entered in a quick, eager sort of way, looked around the room for Jeffrey, and then, seeing that I was the only person in the room, stopped, hesitated, and then spoke in a tone obviously puzzled.

"I—I want to speak to Mr. Jeffrey," he said. "I—understood his man to tell me he was here. Indeed, I thought I heard his voice."

"He was here," said I. "He only went out this moment."

"That's singular," said the doctor. "Didn't his man say I wanted to see him?"

"Yes," said I. "But I'd noticed before that he seemed rather upset, and, on hearing that he had another visitor, said abruptly that he could see no one, asked me to stay and see you, and bolted. I suppose his parting injunction entitles me to ask if I can be of any service to you. I'll try to do anything you ask me to, except explain Mr. Jeffrey's departure. I'm afraid that's beyond me."

While I talked I was recalling to mind Jeffrey's description of the man that he had given us the night before, the rather charming young doctor who had arranged for the portrait between him and Miss Meredith. He fully justified's Jeffrey's adjective. A good-looking young chap—dark, slender, very bright-eyed. His smile came quickly, when he wanted it—almost too quickly, so that it reminded me a little of switching on the electric light

"The advantage of being an artist," he said amiably, "is that one doesn't have to explain things like that. Temperament will cover anything—in the case of as gifted a man as Jeffrey, anything he could possibly take it into his head to do."

Illogically enough, I resented this a little and felt an inclination to justify my friend's action by taking my caller much more fully into our confidence than I had intended to do. What stopped me was the idea that perhaps this was exactly what the doctor had intended.

"I'm afraid I sha'n't be much good as a substitute," said I.

"Why," said the doctor, "it is possible that you'll do better than the man himself You don't mind my asking a few questions?"

"Not a bit," said I. "I'll answer anything I can. Sit down, won't you?"

He didn't take the chair I indicated, but walked across the room and drew up another one. I took it that the manoeuver was executed to give him a better chance to look around the studio—possibly to see whether the portrait of the girl in the satin gown was in sight anywhere

"I am a substitute myself," he said, when he was settled in the chair he had selected. "Jeffrey painted a portrait for a—client, or patient, or relative of mine, I don't know just which to say: she comes under all three categories—Miss Meredith."

"I didn't know you were related to her," I observed.

He shot a quick look at me. "I see you know about her already," said he. "All the better. I'm not a relative in any strict sense," he went on. "A sort of half-nephew by marriage, perhaps. We're all so mixed up that it is difficult to keep such matters straight. However, it's a close enough family connection to justify me in going rather outside of the strict duties of a medical practitioner."

"Justify?" I questioned

"Why, in the main," he said, "I hold that a doctor should be a doctor to his patients and nothing else. The

Continued on page 119.

"MY EYES AND HANDS ARE ALL RIGHT," SAID JEFFREY. "IF THERE'S A KINK, IT'S FARTHER INSIDE"

# In the Forefront

COLONEL SAM STEELE, THE UNAFRAID: MRS. ALBERT GOODERHAM, WHO WORKS FOR "OUR BOYS"; SIR ADAM BECK, WHO TAMED ROSEBERY AND HARNESSED NIAGARA FALLS: MISS AGNES SPROULE, CALLED "ST. AGNES OF THE CAMPS"

## Colonel Steele

***The genial D. O. C., who is not afraid of anything—not even of consequences***

By Nan Moulton

GIVEN an appearance like a fortification, impregnable protective, bulking four-square; given a name like the flash of a bright sword in the sun—Sam Steele; given a father a captain in the Royal Navy through the Napoleonic War; wouldn't such a man just naturally be born for battles? Colonel Steele says not; he did not inherit military instincts, did not cherish military ambitions, and his being a soldier is just the result of an accident. That accident was the Fenian Raid.

If Colonel Steele was not born a soldier, did not elect to be a soldier, then it remains a clear case of foreordination. He has looked upon the Indian when red, upon the Boer when "slim," upon the miner rushing into the Klondyke, gold-mad and lawless, eight hundred boats-load of him in full sight at once on eleven miles of Lake Bennett, upon the Chinaman outrageous along the Rand, and upon the publisher, copy-hungry. Colonel Steele is just not afraid of anything, not even of consequences.

So he has in his possession a Commander of the Bath and Member of the Victorian Order from the South African war, the general service medal, medal and clasps of the Red River Expedition and North-West Rebellion, Queen's medal and four clasps for the first phase of the South African war, King's medal and all the clasps for the second phase of the South African war. He was mentioned several times in dispatches. He is Honorary Lieutenant Colonel of the British Army. He has every military certificate—infantry, cavalry, artillery.

Besides dash and daring and fearlessness, Colonel Steele has the gift of organization and administration. The annals of the North West Mounted Police of Canada testify to this gift across the whole epic sweep of prairie for nearly four decades. After the rush of ninety-eight, Superintendent Steele organized and commanded the whole mounted force of the Yukon and was a Member of the Council for the government of the Territory. Again, in South Africa, he organized the South African Constabulary as he had done his own divisions in the West, and the green-and-gold of the S. A. C. stood throughout those troubled States for the same protection and efficiency and British justice as is set forth by the scarlet tunics of the R. N. W. M. P. Back in Canada, in 1907, he organized Military District No. 13, in Alberta, and since 1909 has been D. O. C. of M. D. No. 10, with headquarters at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg. Here he has increased the militia from ten units in 1908 to forty units at the present time.

No knowledge of fear, an organizing and executive genius, so far, so much. Add now, judgment, keen, dependable, human, cool, quick. When a man has to think, decide and act all in one flash, in a primitive life where restless Indians, whiskey-smugglers, rough railway camps and gold-drunk prospectors kaleidoscope, his judgment must needs be swift and illuminating as the cut of lightning.

There was a time along the Rand when the Boers were disarmed and the yellow men from the mines ran amuck doing pleasant little things like cutting throats. There is a story that Colonel Steele pointed out to Lord Milner and his Council, in one of his characteristic brief and unadorned notes—a stiff, straight word or two to a line, a few black, wide lines to a page—that the Boer farmers around Johannesburg were in want and that a few shot-guns, judiciously distributed, would help the larder of the vrow. Lord Milner read between the lines, (there's lots of space between the brusque lines of the Colonel's communications) smiled, and sent out the shot-guns. The Chinamen on their next visits did not cut any brown Boer throats. It was at Colonel Steele's suggestion that the natives in Natal and the Boers in Transvaal were disarmed after the Boer War. Lord Milner approved the suggestion and the S. A. C. accomplished the disarming, which left the Boer farmers safe from any future native uprising or attack.

Then the Colonel has an irremediable taste for the truth, which makes for absolute reliability. It was during the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when the N. W. M. P. were policing the construction camps in the Rockies, that, at Golden City, a notorious contractor, drinking and truculent, was twice snatched from members of the Police by the turbulent mob. Inspector Steele was on a sick-bed at the barracks. Twice his men had posted back for instructions and, a third time, on a narrow bridge, a sergeant and a couple of men were trying to hold their prisoner against a mad crowd brandishing knives and guns. Suddenly, down the road from the barracks, roused by the shots and the shouting, pounded the Inspector himself. Big and grim, sword in one hand, pistol in the other, he faced the mob at the bridge. "The first man who steps on this bridge dies," he said. That crowd knew Sam Steele. Sam Steele always kept his word. The mob sobered, melted away, the sergeant secured his prisoner, and the Inspector went back to his bed.

When a man goes about with all this for history, his reputation puts moral force behind his very name. Manitoba and Ontario were having a family disturbance once down at Rat Portage. Sir John MacDonald asked Inspector Steele to take a detail of men and settle the fuss. Troubles ceased quickly and matters were amicably adjusted the very minute the two governments heard who was coming.

One would not suspect Colonel Steele of being versatile; he looks bronze and impassive as Buddha himself. But these are a few of his Yukon phases. He went up with his men in ninety-seven to the head of White and

Chilcoot Pass. The duties of the Police were to generally superintend the movements of the miners—they had charge of everything in the upper Kootenay. At the end, Superintendent Steele was thanked by the Governor-General-in-Council and made a Member of the Council, as has been told. In between, he was Customs Officer, Magistrate, Health Officer and a walking Bureau of Information. Anything anybody did not know, ask the Police! All this, besides cleaning up the Yukon and making a decent living-place out of a hell on earth. That is how the Superintendent, in one of his reports, describes Skagway: murder and robbery, shell games, illicit whiskey, shooting frays in the very shadow of the barracks. But from headquarters at Dawson, the personality of a man and the standards of a force went out again and leavened with law a land of gold and snow.

Naturally, with all his unorthodox frontier experience, Colonel Steele's ideals do not march with those of the rigid, exclusive, military caste system. He may be a martinet as to discipline: everything done thoroughly, everybody on time, no loose ends, no sloppy work, no malingering, obedience and duty first. After that, the Colonel believes the Commanding Officer should be a parent to his men, that from the newest recruit up through the N. C. O.'s and the subs and the regimental O. C.'s to the staff and the D. O. C., there should be the connecting link of personal touch and interest.

He believes in hard work and lots of it. Why not, when, back in seventy-four, it was he of whom Colonel Jarvis wrote that, on that dreadful march to Edmonton, he did the manual labor of at least two men? He believes, of all things, in impartiality, in the barracks being a real home for the soldiers, and in maintaining a high standard of honor among his men. Colonel Steele has always been of a conspicuous personal honor himself, so his men have something to measure up to. He wants each man he accepts to be capable of becoming an instructor. "Get them good and keep them good," sums up his way with his men. The success of his methods is testified to in one of General Buller's despatches during the Boer War. "The Strathcona Horse," he said, "rode well, shot well, fought well, and were admirably commanded by an officer (Colonel Steele) who maintained strict discipline without severity."

Any "Who's Who" will give you dates and outlines and events of Colonel Steele's career. But it would take a book for the stories that cluster round every year of his life since the day he went, a boy of sixteen, from his home in the country in Simcoe County, Ontario, up to Toronto to train as a soldier. (His father was the first member for Simcoe County and sat in the first Canadian Parliament.) He has built forts along the north, patrolled the border, hunted buffalo with the braves of Sitting Bull, slept in the snow, suppressed formidable strikes during the construction of the railway, escorted Commissioners on Treaty Makings with the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians, and travelled from Gilbert Plains to Fort Walsh in the foot-hills the first time white men ever made that trip, taking observations of latitude and longitude. He was on that first historic, memorable, extraordinary march in seventy-four into the North-West, establishing posts. He has seen Indians gathered ominously even unto nine thousand lodges. He was on the pack-trail

Continued on page 115

COLONEL STEELE WAS HAPPIEST WHEN IN SOUTH AFRICA WHEN WRITING HIS BOOK

MRS. ALBERT GOODERHAM
The mistress of Deancroft, who comes of a family of fighters

# The Chief Knitter

***Mrs. Gooderham, of the I. O. D. E., who works for "Our Boys"***

## By Nellie L. Rea

THE Daughters of the Empire is an organization with a noble name—a name with the sound of trumpets in it, a stately ceremonial, three-feathers-and-a-train sort of name.

In peace it is a thing to be sought after to be daughter of so vast, so powerful a combine of nations. But it isn't until the bugles that used to herald the entrance of a Governor-General and the guns that fired a birthday salute, become the bugles and the guns of hideous, world-wasting, Empire-smashing WAR that the daughters as well as the khaki-clad sons, have the chance to the full, to live up to their name.

Foremost among them is Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham, President of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, who has been a wonderful example and inspiration to Canadian women, who has given so generously of her energy to public charities and whose broadness of mind and forgetfulness of self in the national crisis, has endeared her to everyone who has been privileged to work with her.

That Mrs. Gooderham should come to the height of her usefulness in Wartime is quite according to her descent and upbringing.

Her girlhood days were spent in Amherstburg, and Windsor, Ontario, her father being Captain Duncanson, a Highland Scotchman, who came to Canada when quite a boy. In the town of his adoption he met and married Miss DeLisle, of French origin, and thus in the veins of Mrs. Gooderham, flows the blood of both great branches of the Canadian people.

Later the family moved to Windsor, but it was not until Miss Duncanson visited Toronto that she met the gallant soldier who is now Colonel of the Royal Grenadiers, having been gazetted into the regiment twenty-nine years ago, the day the eldest son (now Captain Gooderham) was born. From the beginning Mrs. Gooderham took a keen interest in her husband's regiment and is highly reverenced by the officers and men in it.

There are five children of the Gooderham family now living, the two sons being military men and the daughters all members of the I. O. D. E. In Windsor, Ontario, there is a chapter of the organization bearing Mrs. Gooderham's name. This chapter consists largely of young girls whose mothers are friends of Mrs. Gooderham's and as a matter of sentiment they named this chapter in honor of her.

It was fitting that Mrs. Gooderham's public work should begin in connection with the Red Cross Society when the first contingent went to South Africa at the time of the Boer War, and she has been on the Council ever since. At the present time almost every Chapter of the I. O. D. E. is engaged in visiting and caring for the wives and children of the men at the front. Some of them need help financially while others perhaps are strangers and in need of a woman's sympathy and interest in their loneliness. And who shall say whether the homesick little Englishwoman or her comforting Canadian sister will receive the greater benefit from the intercourse.

All Canada has read of how Miss Plummer suggested a movement to raise money for a Hospital Ship to be given from the women of the Dominion; how these women all worked for the sheer patriotism of the thing and how within a week every Chapter of the I. O. D. E., responded, even as far north as Dawson City, west to

Continued on page 119.

# "The Lamplighter"

***Sir Adam Beck, who tamed Rosebery and harnessed Niagara Falls***

By John F. Charteris

A DIPLOMATIST averts war as long as possible. After that a soldier steps in and conducts it. The two are as temperamentally dissimilar as water and fire. The diplomatist works by erosion, slowly; the soldier, by eruption, and woe betide Pompeii!

In politics, diplomatists are the rule, suave Machiavellis who stroke the country with one hand while with the other they work the vacuum cleaner on the country's pocket book. When a political Cromwell heaves up out of the mists, however, he scrapes the stroker as well as the cleaner. He is like Moses with the Tables of Stone. You carry the Law in your heart, his law, or you get it broken over your head. You can take your choice. If you won't obey him, he turns to something that will—land values or railroads or the secrets of nature.

Adam Beck was born near Berlin, Ontario, of German stock. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he drifted into the lumber business, bought a box factory in London and settled down to find out all there was to be ascertained about wood. He sharpened his own saws, did this serious-minded, quiet-eyed young man whose only capital was his energy and his ability to bring that energy to a diamond-drill objective; he bought second hand machinery and fixed it up after hours: he kept his own books; he prospered.

SIR ADAM BECK
The political Moses, whose law you carry in your heart, or get it broken over your head

Then, because of his very concentration, he faced a threatened breakdown.

"What you need is horseback riding," the doctor remarked one night.

The future turfman and representative of Canada at the largest Horse Shows of England, knew nothing about horses, had never owned a single specimen. But he sought out a livery stable on Dundas Street and picked up a hack that was tired conveying folks to the station or the graveyard. First, he hired the animal. Then, after he had studied the subject in his usual methodical manner, he bought him.

"That horse was the famous high

jumper Rosebery, never beaten except by Mrs. Langtry's Filemaker," said a man who had watched the doctor's prescription emerge from his hackhood: "he was shown all over Canada, won prizes enough to fill a room, was sold for a large sum, and, when he finally met with an accident, was a dead loss to somebody else, rather than to his discoverer."

After that, Mr. Beck bought horses right and left, picking each with the eye with which he did everything. The prescription, however, entailed something still better than fame in jockey land, for it was due to their mutual interest in racing that Rosebery's owner and the lovely Miss Ottaway met in Hamilton and decided that, although they still preferred to keep two stables, they wouldn't mind combining homes

All this time, the Sir-Adam-to-be hadn't emerged in Mr. Beck. Politics didn't interest him then. It doesn't now. The mere pleasure of persuading an electorate that they wanted him to run favorite would never have drawn the turf enthusiast into the votes-arena

But in London-the-less there was a problem to be solved, one January day. Victoria Hospital hadn't been well managed. It had been run for the medical fraternity rather than for the patients, it was averred. The situation needed a strong man as Hospital Trustee, to apply those business methods which are so hard to obtain in public-owned utilities

Would Mr. Beck stand for the office?

He would and did. And his election-cry, "The Hospital for the People!" not only brought him a majority of 2,600 on polling day when men depended on his mere promise; it brought him the Mayoralty when in 1902 he consented to accept it

"His regime was characterized by his determination to have the business of the city conducted without favor or possible suspicion of graft," said a man who was associated with him throughout his term of office

"Why does So and So want the chairmanship of No. 2 Committee?" asked an also-wanting alderman, "he's rich!"

Under Mr. Beck's management the coveted plum reduced itself to the size and sweetness of a gooseberry. Peter, who desired to serve his country, was doubtless satisfied, but Judas, the collection-plater, had crepe on his arm

Not only must the alderman keep to the strict letter of the law that said no man of his ilk could take a city contract. He must even forswear the chance of bedevilling the Fair Board or the Hospital Trustees or any other body receiving money from the city. One such incident did occur, anent a public building to be shingled. Whereupon Moses the Mayor calmly selected the stone bearing the Eighth Commandment and put a tin roof on the alderman.

But one city was too small a field for Mr. Beck. After providing the town of his adoption with a Public Health Institute and an up to date water system, for whose financial burden he assumed all risk until the

Continued on page 124

SOMETIMES THE CAMPS ARE BIG AND CLEAN AND SOMETIMES THEY'RE LITTLE AND DIRTY. NOT SO

# St. Agnes of the Camps

***Who travels 8,000 miles a year to visit her 100,000 boys***

## By Mabel Hillier

TO be unscarable, unfreezable, [illegible] sonsy; to have a good memory and a better forgettery—when needed; to possess a heart that doesn't know its own goldenness and a head that denies its personal halo—these things and a few more along the same line constitute the preliminary requirements for the man or woman who would step into Agnes Sproule's shoes, what time she leaves them vacant, which, says North Ontario, may the Good Lord long forbid

Miss Sproule has a parish of some 100,000 souls That she isn't the only incumbent goes without saying; that for eighteen years she has been one of the best-loved, most-respected, hardest-worked missionaries to the lumbermen, is a fact that no man in the North land will dispute

Men have come and gone—lumberjacks, cooks, foremen, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, student preachers. The one permanent figure in all the changing battle-line where civilization fights

EVEN WHEN ST. AGNES DOESN'T SEE A WOMAN FROM MONDAY TILL SATURDAY SHE NEVER LACKS ANYTHING

the forest and religion fights rum, is the dauntless, tireless W. C. T. U Scotchwoman who tells you quite casually that last year she travelled 8,000 miles, 400 of them by sleigh, one hundred and fifteen on foot.

Twenty-one years ago Miss Sproule lived in Fort William and churchworked in every spare minute. To her practical mind, the scribe and the pharisee might well be left alone to attend Saint Doasyoulike's or not, just as they chose. She wanted to hunt up the publican and the sinner who didn't belong anywhere for the good and sufficient reason—ten chances to one—that nobody'd asked them.

The foreigner, in particular, interested her. He had no church. He had no Bible. And, scattered along the main line of the C. P. R., he had no chance of acquiring either. Miss Sproule saved, sent to the Bible Society and bought him a Scripture portion in his own tongue

Gradually the missionary-to-be began to visit the timid little mothers Smiling and crying are the same in all languages, and a handgrip will translate itself as meaning sympathy wherever you go

The men worked in the Camps and they too needed evangelization. They needed in addition a few of the little handinesses that only a woman could supply. The Comfort Bag was the result — a wonderful mine whence the perplexed male could dig scissors and needles and pins and buttons and tape, to say nothing of healing ointment when he was injured and a marked Testament with a motherly letter inside to read when he was homesick. The foreigner, of course couldn't take advantage of this last item but the Canadian boy could and did. And not only was he benefitted, but the women down in Lower Ontario felt their hearts warmed and their patriotism stimulated as they met to sew For by this time Miss Sproule was the official representative of the Provincial W. C. T. U whose ten thousand members still support her

You can't work and pray very long without desire to go and see, St Agnes tells you. Hence, one clear zero day in February eighteen years ago, Miss Sproule left Fort William for Silver Mountain, thirty-seven miles to the southwest, to follow the trail of the Comfort Bags she had despatched.

"Camp Two of the Pigeon River Lumber Company is off the track, oh, about eight miles," she was informed in the wide-swinging, none-too-accurate language of the North

Five o'clock and a setting sun found her at the unknown little station where she was met by a huge giant in furs, stuffed into a sleigh and jingled off.

'How far is it? Oh, about thirty miles, lady," said the giant, comfortably

"I'll never forget that ride," said Miss Sproule; "when we started, there was a new moon between the trees When we got there it was pretty late the next morning—I'd slept at an intervening camp—but at night we had a hundred and fourteen men out at the little service, and that was every single soul who could understand English."

The favorite hymn in the woods is Nearer My God to Thee. When you get a hundred men singing it under the Christmas trees with the stars atop, the guardian angel of the North puts his harp against the pearly gate and leans over to listen

The next day drew in with a cold so intense that the mercury curled up in the bottom of the thermometer and the men staid in camp to prevent the steel of their tools from splitting

Saint Agnes, however, had a sister in Fort William who would be waiting for her, so, at the first sign of a rise in temperature, she started out, walked eight miles and then caught a tote sleigh going to Silver Mountain. It was just runners and a board across this charity-chariot. It didn't seem very secure and there were pitch holes without number, but there was no choice of vehicles, so the passenger climbed on. Twenty-seven miles from the nearest doctor, the sleigh came to pieces, the missionary was dumped off and nearly killed, but pulled herself together in time to hold service in a hospitable Catholic home that night. To be sure it was so cold that your back froze when you were sitting in front of the fire but a good conscience and a Scotch ancestry will win against the mercury any time

"At last they got me out to the train," Miss Sproule said, smiling at the recollection. "There were half a dozen lumberjacks on board. One of them had a picture of his girl in a locket. I remember, and he showed it to me.'

It was eight o'clock when the train started to start. It was noon when it finally unfroze itself sufficiently to get off the siding. The conductor ordered his Special split and himself and the train crew ran into Stanley Junction for a leisurely dinner before getting underway about two o'clock

Five miles west of Fort William they stuck again and were dug out in time to reach town at six, having gone thirty-seven miles in ten hours, carrying a breakfastless, din-

Continued on page 110.

The one permanent figure in the northern battle line where civilization fights the forest and religion fights rum

# Soldiering at Salisbury

## PRIVATE JOHNNY CANUCK HAS GREAT FUN ON THE ATLANTIC, GREAT WELCOME AT PLYMOUTH, GREAT FAITH IN KITCHENER, GREAT HOPES FOR HIS ARMY

### By Pte. H. R. Gordon

THE Canadian Contingent is under canvas again. But Salisbury Plains isn't Valcartier. In place of pine-covered hills, we see bare rolling downs of close-cropped turf. In place of sandy tracks we march over hard stone roads. Instead of gum and pop we eke out our rations with 'alf and 'alf and choc'lit, and we buy it by the tuppennyworth. We are now a part of "Kitchener's Army," not "Sam Hughes' Militia," and some time before Christmas we hope to be part of "The Allied Forces."

We have not had a spectacular reception. Most of us were smuggled off the transports, a battalion at a time, at night, hurried through the streets to the railway station and taken straight to the one place in England where civilians are scarcely ever seen, Salisbury Plains. We are here for work. Pomp and parade will be reserved for the time when the War is over and those of us who are left are on our way home.

At seven o'clock on the evening of Monday, October the nineteenth, twenty-five days after we had gone on shipboard, buglers invaded every deck and we heard the call for which we had been waiting anxiously for a fortnight: the "Fall In" for the entire battalion to land.

Everybody cheered; on the way to the upper deck everybody was singing and whistling.

Ten minutes later we were on solid ground again, drawn up beside the drydock where a Dreadnought was being refitted. We marched for half a mile through the navy dockyard, passed clanging workshops and brilliantly light drydocks. The workmen were too busy even to notice us. Outside the sentry-guarded gates, we had our first glimpse of civilian England, a densely-packed crowd of women and children with only a few men scattered among them. As we passed, they cheered and handed us packets of cigarettes and apples. One or two handsome fellows on the outside of the column received embarrassing attentions from the ladies.

At the station we were packed into the compartments of the funny little trains drawn by incredibly tiny engines. Some one blew a whistle and the platform suddenly seemed to glide back.

"Why, we've started!" exclaimed one of our chaps who had never been in an English train before.

We got out on the stone platform of a little place called Amesbury, in the clammy dawn of an English autumn morning. The ground around was piled high with baggage and stores of all sorts. Two companies of us were told off to lead a couple of hundred remount horses to our camp ground, somewhere off over the misty hills to the northwest.

We led the beasts through the sort of village that most of us had read about but never seen. The village church, the winding stone-paved street, the cyclist's rest, the village inn made us realize that we were in an exquisitely neat, a totally different sort of country. Past the village, the road led over a stone bridge near a walled-in country house, to a bare, rolling, bleak stretch of county—Salisbury Plains.

Half a mile to the north on the left side we saw a circle of rough slabs of stone set up on end.

"That's Stone Henge," remarked the Englishman in our section.

We halted just outside the very modern barb wire fence which protects this relic of the Druids. The remount squad took advantage of the halt to get on their steeds and the shades of the early Britons enjoyed the spectacle of Canadian infantry men with full kit and rifles slung across their backs, sitting astride bare-backed, rawboned farm horses, trying to guide them with kicks in the ribs and tugs at frayed hemp halters. A good many of the would-be riders went for short aeroplane flights as their mounts jibed and bucked.

A mile further on a woman stood at the gate of one of the few farms on Salisbury Plains with a pitcher of cold water and gave us all a drink and a kindly word of welcome.

After eight miles of marching, we reached our brigade camp, a very similar camp to the one we had left at Valcartier. Here, however, we have wooden floors for our tents and ticks

*Copyright by International News Service*

OUR BOYS RECEIVED A HEARTY OVATION FROM ENGLISH COUSINS UPON LANDING AT PLYMOUTH

filled with straw to sleep on, instead of moss covered ground. Wooden shacks are being built for us and we shall probably move into them as soon as the cold weather sets in.

We made the acquaintance of the Commander of the Canadian Contingent this afternoon, Brigadier-General Alderson, a stocky, weatherbeaten looking man with a heavy moustache and a twinkle in the corner of his eye. He made a favorable impression the moment we saw him and a little speech he gave us confirmed that opinion.

"Men," he said, "I put myself in your hands. I am going to treat you like men and I expect you to behave like men. I feel perfectly safe in doing so.'

We cheered, and there was real feeling behind the cheers. We feel sure that with a man of that stamp in charge, we'll be ready to go to the Front as soon as is humanly possible.

In the meantime we're making an unprecedented impression on Salisbury Plains. When a Wiltshire county carrier from the Wyly valley tells a quarrelsome carter to cut out the "rough stuff" and a Shrewton civilian receiving much copper in exchange at the booking office objects to "another h.ndful of chickenfeed," you may be reasonably sure that something is happening which will for all time change the face of England and of the world. Twenty years ago a philologist stated that the vocabulary of Salisbury Plains consisted of about 400 words, and some of those were low German. The camps of Regulars have swelled the vocabulary a good deal but the arrival of the Canadians has suddenly expanded the dialect of Shrewton and Amesbury and Winterbourne Stoke into the interoceanic lingo which is current of the Empire from Calgary to Calcutta.

But to return for a glance at all the long days that bridged the time between Valcartier and Salisbury Plains.

Our arrival in England was rather a gradual process. We were in England—that is, in Plymouth Harbor—five days before setting foot on English soil. The welcome the people gave us was none the less hearty and none the less appreciated, for coming in instalments.

It began in the Channel, five miles south of Plymouth Sound, while we were crawling into harbor through the swarm of black, untidy little hornets of destroyers which patrol the Channel. A Great Western Railway tug passed us and their crew responded lustily to their captain's request for 'Three cheers for the bloomin' Canadians!"

As we drew in past the breakwater and its checkerboard-painted turret fort, at sunset, we got another cheer from some seamen. And our progress up the harbor after dark to our anchorage far inside the searchlight-guarded entrance was a triumphal progress. Plymouth seemed to have turned out en masse to the waterfront, and it was "Oorav for the Canaidians!" all the way in.

We woke in the morning to see the upper end of Plymouth Harbor. On one side was a Dreadnought cruiser taking on stores from Devonport dockyard; on the other bank a cow grazing in a miraculously green field with a church spire rising out of a clump of brown oaks in the background. We spent most of the morning watching that cow, the first animal we'd seen for a month.

In the afternoon little excursion boats, packed with sightseers, came up the harbor, and there was much waving of handkerchiefs from their decks and much cheering from ours. On every one of them half a dozen small boys would cry shrilly; "Ah we daown'ahted?" And we would thunder back, "NO!"

Newspapers came aboard that afternoon and we were all so glad to get something to read that we even devoured a column editorial of the Times, which referred to the coming of the Canadians as the "arrival of dwellers in the wilderness, men used to the hard life of the settler and masters of all the arts with which he carries on his daily struggle against nature.'

Had we been the actual savages of the paragrapher's vision, however, we couldn't have been gladder than we were to get to England.

The trip from Quebec to Plymouth was a mixture of a holiday, a convalescence, and a term in prison, all in one. We had a three weeks' respite from the long hours and the hard work of a camp. We had good food, and comfortable bunks. The only trouble was that we didn't have enough to do

To half the contingent, probably, an ocean voyage was an entirely new experience. But in a day or two all the mysteries of the ship's equipment had been investigated. The "Scouts" made haste to mark down in their mental maps the various bases of supply, three kitchens, a bakery, and a barber's shop were chocolate was sold. For three days we enjoyed the luxury of comfortable beds, hot water to wash in, and meals that did not always consist of skilly or roast beef During this time the ships of the convoy were loafing down the St. Lawrence. We were a day at Rimouski and two days at Father Point and we filled in the time wondering when we'd reach our destination. One rumor had us bound for South Africa, another for Egypt, another for India. Some fellows believed the Egyptian rumor to such an extent that they tried to dispose of their heavy wool sweaters

At Gaspe Bay we first realized what a big undertaking it was to transport the whole contingent, 33,000 of us, across the water. We had come early on Thursday and we had watched the transports arriving every hour or two, Thursday and Friday. Saturday morning the fleet was complete

A brisk easterly breeze made the water of the bay dance and glitter in brilliant sunlight. On the north side against a back-ground of pine-covered mountain, and brown stubble-field,

Continued on page 137.

*Copyright by International News Service*

CANADIAN CONTINGENT UNDER CANVAS AGAIN—BUT SALISBURY PLAINS ISN'T VALCARTIER

*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

NOTHING could be easier than to croak out an article on Christmas like a gloomy raven, but of all the dear, the merry Christmases that have ever gladdened the old world this is not the time to do that. It is, above all other Christmases, the one in which to think of others, to help others, to sing the uplifting songs of Noel, to pray for peace and good will. We have to think of the children, especially the children of the men who are for Canada—her homes, her women and her little ones. A letter from a chap in the trenches voices poignantly a hope that the kiddies we leave behind won't be without a visit from Santa Claus. "We'll not be 'ome before Christmas," he says. "Perhaps we'll never be 'ome again, but for Gawd's sake don't let the kiddies miss us at Christmas. I've seven of 'em—"

Among all our various funds might it not be a good thing to set one—a Santa Claus Fund—aside exclusively for the "Kiddies of the men at the front?"

### THERE WAS THE MAN WHO GOT USED TO HANGING

ONE of the saddest things about the war is that we get used to its horrors, so that they do not affect us as they did in the first dreadful days. The reason is, I suppose, that by a merciful provision of human nature we are unable to keep at high pressure all the time. If it were not so we should go mad. Each one of us has what may be called a "mean temperature," that is, a general level of equanimity. If there were an instrument that would measure personal temperament and indicate it on a dial, we should discover that while we have some high times and some low ones, our variations above or below normal are not for the most part very extensive. A piece of horrifying news depresses us at first to a frightful depth, but the tendency is towards recovery of ourselves. In like manner there are things that will send us up into the seventh heaven. We tread on air; for the moment we are lifted above all mundane considerations. But the healthy tendency is, again, towards our permanent normal. We need not blame ourselves, or think that our sympathies are less keen, or that we are growing callous, if we can read that ten thousand men have been killed, and almost immediately turn to the question as to whether we shall have liver and bacon, or steak and onions for dinner. As I said before, if we had not this power of recovery we should go mad. The agonizing sweat of the surgeon over his first critical operation is not usually repeated. And they do say that when a woman has been a widow three times she buries her fourth with far fewer tears than accompanied her first to the tomb.

### HOW WE VARY

UNDER these circumstances it is interesting to enquire whether what I have called the normal every-day reading of the personal barometer varies with different persons. The answer is that it varies very much. Some people's normal is much higher than that of others, while, of course, the converse holds good, and with some it is a thing of continuous low averages. There are those who, partly from natural gift and partly from the discipline and nurture of their original personalities by various influences, whether of society, literature and in some cases religion, have developed a capacity for living at a high level, and that seem to have in them a vitality that is not of this world. It is the presence of such persons here and there—alas! they are too few—that makes us reluctant to accept the teachings of those philosophers who would tell us that the thing we have been accustomed to call the soul is merely a production of protoplasm. For my part I have never been able to believe that mind and soul were merely the result of the action of the digestive organs, so much beef and vegetables and beer going to produce flesh and bones and so much to be resolved by the processes of nature into intellect and spirit.

### BLYTHE AND BRITAIN

"KITCHENER must provide more army, Kitchener must supply an army that will hold England's place in battle, and be of sufficient consequence to give England her part of the spoils when the time comes for the peace settlement—that is, England must put up her full quota—she must have her share of chips in the game if she would partake of the pot."

This long sentence is from the pen of Mr. Samuel G. Blythe who writes the "Who's Who and Why" in that amazingly successful publication the "Saturday Evening Post," which has such a circulation in Canada because apparently we cannot turn out a weekly that will come up to it in general interest or approach it in price. In the issue of September 26, this rather brilliant writer attempted a "Who's Who and Why" of the great soldier on whom in these days all eyes are turned, and he would not be Mr. Blythe if he did not produce something very readable and "snappy." His article has the merits and the defects of the slapdash style, but in the sentence quoted he surely shows himself quite unable to take the British point of view.

Mr. Blythe writes for American business people and he naturally falls into the error of supposing that we also are thinking of the war in a strictly and purely business way. Our men who are leaving their kindred and going to the front are going because forsooth "England must have her share of chips in the game?" In the midst of our sacrifices and our heartbreak we have a keen eye for business, have we? Now some of us had been thinking that one of the compensations of this war is that it has raised us above the petty considerations of personal profit into a nobler atmosphere, in which the chief things to be striven for are truth, justice and liberty. As a whole, the American press has not failed to grasp this aspect of the case. It has recognized that the wonderful and epochal response of the whole Empire at this heart-searching time has been because of a passionate appreciation of ideal considerations that have nothing to do with "chips in the game."

### THAT TORONTO GLOBE

"'TIS a fine time the Toronto Globe-man does be having praising the Sassenachs and the Highlanders and lavin' th' Irish out of it," said the Man at the Crossroads as he sat with the Pedlar eating a modest bite by the side of a little road out of sight of the soldiers. "What wid thrvin to prove the English and Scots are the 'Best o' the Breed,' and boasting about what they did in all the wars that ever were, he lost sight of the fact that the biggest part of the British army is made up of Irishmen Shure the Scots are fine, and the Highlanders move me to tears when I see how careless they are before the wimmen whether they're straight or knock-kneed, and the pipes set all the blood in me galloping especially when I remember that the Highland pipes is me ould friend the war pipes of Ireland that marched before Brian Borhoimbe a hundred strong into Clontarf that day he licked the boots off the Danes."

"I heard they were a thousand strong," said the Pedlar

"Pedlar, me boy," said the Crossroads Man, "'tis my belief you've been drinking something a thriffe sthronger than tay to be talking foolish talk like that. What army, what army, I ask ye, could spare a thousand men to be squeezin' a march out of the pipes! You're worse for boastin' than that Toronto Globe-man with his 'Best o' the Breed.' It makes me laff," continued the Man at the Crossroads (and the shells and shrapnel screeching all round us), "to see the way th' English and Canadian papers are anxious to claim Kitchener as an Englishman bekase his people were English, and in the same breath claim Adam Beck—the Lamplighter—as a Canadian bekase his people were German. French, too, they call an Englishman bekase his people were all Irish since ever Adam founded the race. Little Bobs they lave us, an' Charley Beresford bekase they couldn't disroot them from Ireland if they tried. They can have Kitchener—great as he is—for I never liked the steel eye of him, but—"

"Faith," said the Pedlar, rising and shaking the crumbs from his Pack, "I never heard an ould fool talking like ye, and I've met many an omadhaun in my time."

Silently the two sour old friends proceeded on their way

### AWAY FROM WAR FOR A MOMENT

IT was one of those lovely days we get in October and November, and often indeed in late December, a day in Canada's loveliest season when

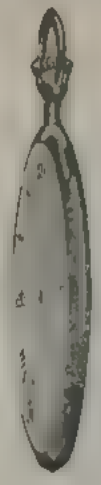
"Although the sun shines bright and fair
The autumn tarries in the air
And age remembers with a sigh
That winter's nipping cold is nigh."

As I walked along the street, almost regretting in the bright sunshine that in consequence of the cold of the past few nights one had put on some warm things, the approach of winter was flashed upon me in a rather prosaic fashion. Yes, positively flashed. For the bright sunshine that had in it a whole battery of late summer rays, shone on a wagon-load of stove pipe elbows that was going to some hardware emporium. And thereafter as I walked I seemed to be constantly reminded of the cold that is steadily walking towards us from the icy north The furniture brokers had trotted out the second-hand stoves that had lain in shadowy retirement all the summer The hardware stores were full of new ones. The drygoods men were setting out their windows with warm clothing, and tempting overcoats were displayed in the men's emporium (N B.) I dote on that good word emporium—I like to see it exhibited on the facade of a general store in the

"What we have we'll hold.
What we haven't we'll make"
(Our New Slogan for Canada)
We have just made the New
Gillette
BULLDOG
Safety Razor—
THE stocky "Bulldog" handle gives a good firm grip that most men like. Its extra weight seems to "carry through" the keen edge blade in a stroke that's particularly smooth and easy
With its natty case of gray antique leather, the Gillette "Bulldog" makes a particularly attractive Christmas gift and one that will be appreciated every day in the year.
Or perhaps he'd prefer the Gillette "Aristocrat" in its white French Ivory, or a Pocket Edition or Combination Set. Look them all over at your dealer's—there is a splendid selection. Price from $5.00 up
Gillette Safety Razor Co of Canada, Limited,
Still $5. Per Set
Made in Canada

No gift is finer than a fine watch
to express a high regard

# Waltham "Colonial" Thin Watches



The spirit of giving is symbolized in these watches. Their message of good-will is direct and sure.

The man who is fortunate enough to receive one of these "Colonials" for Christmas will be impressed immediately by its thinness and its grace. And his "first impressions" will be justified by the splendid service which the watch will give him.

Refinement and strength are united in these watches. They are both safe and thin—qualities not too often found in combination in a watch. In their thinness combined with accurate time-keeping, they respond exactly to the latest demand in gentlemen's watches.

Waltham "Colonials" are high in their quality but never high in the price which you pay for that quality. An excellent "Colonial" may be had for $29 and the prices range up to $55 according to the kind of movement and case which you select. Your jeweler will be glad to show you the different styles

Write us for booklet and general information.

Waltham Watch Company
Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

country. Emporiums is not the true plural of the word? I beg your pardon. When we take a word into use we make it fit our ways. Say "emporia," if you like.

OLD TIMES

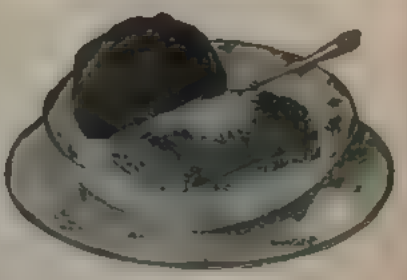
BUT those stove-pipe elbows! What pictures they bring up. They are not intended for your furnace-heated houses with the latest improvements: hot water boilers, radiators, expansion-tanks and all the rest of it. They are for the houses where, at best, the heating is done by a "self-feeder," and you run the stove-pipes through as many rooms as you can before they reach the chimney. Those stove-pipe elbows will be used by the master of the house himself when he gets home from work and his "missus" reminds him that the stove had better be fixed up. Perhaps she says that the roomers will be complaining, if they keep roomers, as very likely they do, to eke out the slender income. Advertisements relating to "warm rooms" will soon begin to appear in the papers. I remember one in a Toronto paper. "Wanted a comfortable bedroom by a young man with a stove-pipe opening." The compositors ought to have put in that missing comma—let alone the proof reader.

PRAYER OR PROFANITY

IF the householder be a pious man he should kneel down and say his prayers before he begins to put up stove-pipes. It does not matter how careful people may be, there is sure to be some of last year's soot in the old pipes. And they have been lying in the cellar or somewhere all through the summer days. Some of them have got bashed in at the ends, and even if you have new elbows you are never certain. There is more temptation to profanity and impatience in putting up stove-pipes than in any other part of the household economy. These are likely to develop when the operator asks his wife to hold one piece of pipe for him while he fits another on to it "I wish you would hold it steady—can't you rest it on something? Careful now—I've nearly got it on—oh my goodness me, why don't you hold it steady—here it's all off again, confound it." Or, "why, this isn't the piece at all—I thought you said you'd got 'em all in order." "Well," says the wife, "you told me you'd marked 'em all. If you did, all I can say is the marks must have worn off. The children must have been playing with them." "Well, why do you let the children play with 'em? Oh, dash these pipes, I shall never get the blessed thing up this night," etc., etc.

But when at last the "blessed thing" does go up, what joy, what pleasure! "I'll just see how it burns," says the delighted operator. Paper and chips are brought, a match is struck and they are lighted. How they flame! How they roar! "Are there some o' those bits of hardwood left in the shed?" asks the man. There are just a few, it appears. They are brought in. The children have gone to bed. The first fire of the fall begins to diffuse its benign warmth.


# The Cost of High Living



is not in dollars and cents alone, but in the breaking down of those functions of the human body that bring health and happiness and in the depletion of those vital forces that contribute to long life. Health and high efficiency come from eating a simple, natural food like

# Shredded Wheat

combined with regular habits and proper outdoor exercise. In this food you have all the body-building elements of the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. "War prices" need not affect the cost of living in the home where Shredded Wheat is known. Always the same in price and quality.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk and a little cream furnish natural warmth for a cold day and supply all the nutriment needed for work or play. Delicious for any meal in combination with baked apples, sliced bananas, canned peaches, pears or any fruit.

**"It's All in the Shreds"**

*Made only by*

**The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.**

Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street, East


IN THE MATTER OF CHRISTMAS

WE will return to the trenches, the boys who are fighting to keep their women decent and the children fed—in a moment. But a momentary look at modern Christmas may not be irrelevant. The great Feast has of late years become extraordinarily commercial in spirit, and in the matter of present giving. Advertising has made of good old fairy-man Santa Claus, a commercial traveller. Very grand,

# LUX

**Won't Shrink Woollens**

BESIDES being a wonderful cleanser. LUX adds to the life of woollen and flannel garments. Keeps all loosely woven fabrics from shrinking or thickening in the wash.

LUX dissolves readily in hot water, makes a smooth, cream-like lather which cannot injure the filmiest fabrics or the daintiest hands.

LUX—pure essence of soap in flakes—is the favourite washing preparation in homes of refinement.

9

**Sold at 10 cents**

*Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.*



## Do YOU Need Money?

TO educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, or live better. Then do as thousands of others are doing. We require intelligent local representatives—not "canvassers." We need men and women of reliability and good address to look after our new subscriptions and renewals. no previous experience is necessary, no money needed. You can work during spare time when you choose, and as much or little as you choose. Write to-day for full particulars. Address Agency Dept.

**Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.**


but shallow writing has encompassed the darling of the children—the Giver of the Feast. Staid, prosaic, and, I am not afraid to say, women with narrow views, have decried, from time to time, "filling the children's minds with nonsense." Now, unless imagination and the beautiful poetry of life is introduced early into the life of the child, the little human creature cannot help growing into a staid, self-centred, prosaic person. Have we not enough—for God's sake!—of that kind of dingy bringing-up in Canada to authorize a protest against it. Life here need not all be made up of making one penny sit on the other. We are backward in most of the nice things that make this world a foretaste of Heaven. We women are keen on putting down (or up) fruit, or putting down (or up) pickles, yet when I asked a man of supposed intellectuality what he thought of this war—this world-war, mind you, and when one mentioned it as preparatory to Armageddon, he replied: "I don't know just what you mean by Armageddon, but I've no interest in European events. Fact, is I never read the war stuff!"

Good night, dear Lady!

### A KIND, A HOLY CHRISTMAS

BUT it is Christmas time. What will the grand old Feast bring to a troubled world? Not to-day must we linger on the atrocities of the Barbarians, but rather on the misery and necessity of the survivors. I should not call this Christmas a time for the rich to give presents to the rich. I do not believe there is a woman in Canada who would not forego her annual gift in order to give its value where it will be most wanted. We would not care to clothe ourselves in beautiful furs, or wear glittering jewels, while the families of our soldiers needed for Christmas comforts. This should be a great year of giving. Perhaps our Lord sent our tribulation in order to show us how selfish of late years we have grown.

To be sure, every year there have been large Christmas funds and charities, but may I tell you what one "charitable" lady asked a soldier's wife whose name she had put on her Christmas list: "Are all your children legitimate? Have you been a prudent person before as well as after marriage?" And the wonder to a Pedlar who has tramped the highroads and byways of the world is—that the soldier's wife did not knock the lady down.

There is a "charity" that is degrading. It is the Devil's "charity"—not the dear, hidden, shy charity of the gentle Christ. Dear God! When you think of it, of the cruelty of these sanctimonious women to the little children—the small wayside, sweet flowers along life's roadway, you want to be in yourself one gigantic Santa Claus who has not reindeer enough to pull his wagons and wagons of gifts, or love-words enough to comfort the little hearts whose grown up heritage is grief and sorrow.

A Merry Christmas, lovers all—from a Pedlar who waxeth hot—and a kind Christmas—and a prayer for God's peace to descend on us all—on all the poor troubled world.


# Deafness

**From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!**

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—whispers even do not escape them. The [illegible] and [illegible] are [illegible]. The impaired or lacking [illegible] of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple [illegible] mechanical construction for that special purpose.

**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums**

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Ringing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the cause or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of soft, sensitive material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

Drum in Position

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

**WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated**
344 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## Colonel Steele

Continued from page 103.

journey two hundred miles into the mountains in the early eighties, restoring order among the Indians, on which occasion he was thanked by the Premier in General Orders. The present Fort Steele is reminiscent of the days at the mouth of White Horse Creek.

He was in the Rebellion of eighty-five, at Frenchman's Butte and Loon Lake, where he and his Scouts broke up Big Bear's band, he and sixty of his men pursuing five hundred Indians into the great northern forest. He has known every phase of prairie work and every vicissitude of prairie life. He has been everything in the Force from Troop Sergeant Major and riding instructor at Lower Fort Garry to Adjutant, District Officer, Inspector and Superintendent. At the Military Institute one evening, some question of privilege came up. "I'll go ask 'The Great North West'," said one of his officers affectionately. No other one man has so touched and moulded every aspect of the history and life of the Canadian West—swarthy, hard as nails, quiet, strong, the straight outlines of the simple, vital things of a new country grown his own—Samuel Benfield Steele is the West incarnate "The Great North West," of a truth!

In South Africa he commanded the Strathconas, whom he had raised in Canada at the wish of the late High Commissioner, commanded them in every portion of the theatre of war, Natal, Transvaal, Zululand, Orange River Colony, Cape Colony, with what conspicuous brilliancy has already been noted. He was then loaned by the Canadian Premier to South Africa for five years, during which time he commanded "B" Division of the S. A. C. (after having raised it) directly under Lord Kitchener for six months during the latter part of the Boer War. Then he organized the S. A. C. further for times of peace, being associated in this with Baden-Powell, and he settled up Uganda, and made the African veldt generally as safe as the prairie at home. Followed nine months in England with the Inspector General of Cavalry and back to Canada in 1907.

Colonel Steele was happiest in South Africa. He was most miserable when writing his book. "Forty Years in Canada," his publishers are calling it, but it will cover all his other experiences as well. The publication is now regrettably postponed until after the war. "It was desperate work," the Colonel confided to a friend, mopping his brow at the memory. The pen was evidently heavier than the sword. His greatest object of distaste is "the advertising soldier," of whom he has a holy horror.

When he is grim, the Colonel is very grim indeed. But when he isn't grim, he is exceedingly pleasant, as when his sense of humor stirs and a very black, very military moustache curls up from white teeth and his stiff, stern, bronze, impassive face breaks up into slow crinkles of amusement until his eyes are nearly closed. When he is gruff, he is very gruff indeed, but when his intimates gather at his hearth-fire for a pipe and a yarn, they often find themselves at some early morning hour deep in reminiscence and comment, as a Scotch officer tells it, "speakin' away."

He has walked with crowds—pentecostal crowds, too—and not lost his virtues of dignity and command. He has talked with kings and generals, been feted in a kingdom's banqueting-halls and high homes and prominent on three continents, and he has kept the common touch of all humanity.


# Is "little-bit" helping you to save?

IN losses as well as savings, "Every-little-bit" counts! Little bits *lost* at home discourage men who earn.

Little bits *saved* help to furnish a home; make a man cheerful and confident; make a wife feel she *counts*.

Save through your cleaner! It costs little but you use such lots! And, if each time you use it, you shake on more than you want, or spill some down the hungry old sink, mightn't you just as well fling money down it too?

Get a cleaner that won't waste or shake—a cleaner which doesn't spill and can't put an atom where it doesn't change into shine. Get Sapolio—solid, suds-y, wasteless, easy-working Sapolio! *That* won't choke the waste pipe with particles or get into careless, wasteful ways.

Watch how Sapolio lasts. See how slowly it wears compared with the kind of cleaners whose application you cannot regulate. See what whole tablefuls of kitchen things it will put the twinkle into—knives and forks, kettles and spoons, aluminum and enamel-ware and lots of things beside.

And see! Your cake of Sapolio doesn't seem to have decreased in size for all the work it has done at cleaning and shining and brightening your kitchen—*your* Spotless Town.

Yes, you'll make home *happy* home—as millions of women have done—with the economies you start by Sapolio savings

SAPOLIO

NO TROUBLE TO MAKE

Delicious Home-made Syrup with

MAPLEINE

Simply dissolve cane sugar in boiling water and add Mapleine to flavor.

It saves half the cost of high priced syrup and tastes fine.

2 OZ. BOTTLE
50 CENTS

*Get it from your grocer, or write*

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Dept. G, SEATTLE, WASH.

*Send 2c. stamp for Recipe Book.*



Children Teething

**Mothers should give only the well-known**

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE MARK

**The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.**
**See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.**

**Small Packets, 9 Powders**
**Large Packets, 30 Powders**

LONDON, ENGLAND.



11,572-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 11,572 word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 178 big, broad, brainy business men, may be sent to you—yours to boost your salary to increase your profits. This free book deals with

—How to make a business
—How to buy goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing. It's worth your investigation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege when it involves only the risk of a postage penny? Simply say, "Send on your 11,572-word Booklet. Box 756"

A. W. Shaw Co., Dept. G 2 Wabash Ave. & Madison St., Chicago


He is a big, simple-hearted man, accessible, kind. "He talked to Jack and me for two hours," a breathless boy said, flushed with pride, "just as if we were Somebody instead of two boys." That boy is now a Captain in one of his regiments. Another night at a social function he told a young girl proud tales of her uncle he had known long ago in the West. "I'm mighty glad to have met you," he said to her as he went away. That slip of a girl was very humble and very shining at that "mighty glad."

Colonel Steele is quite keen on the universal military training of boys at school. He is at the bottom of the School Cadet movement. His ideal is a combination of the military training of the School Cadets and the moral training of the Boy Scouts. He is an enthusiastic advocate of sports, not professional sport with rooters on the benches, but every man his own cricketer and foot-baller.

In the last six years Colonel Steele has grown to be a familiar figure in Winnipeg. We have seen him at parades in the blazing ceremonial of full dress, at quiet lectures introducing a war-correspondent, presenting a regimental cup, speaking good words of his men at a Paardeburg anniversary, reminiscent at the Canadian Club over the expedition under Wolseley. And just lately we have seen him at the hosting of his forty units for war, speaking simple, soldierly words to the regiments as they trooped away to Valcartier, expecting them to be orderly, sober, well-behaved, obedient to orders, whether in action or defeat always bearing themselves as true British soldiers. And the soldiers, the accent of their Head upon them, cheered and cheered as they marched out—the big D. O. C. is greatly beloved by his men. And the citizens, stirred and proud, cheered and cheered to the echo, for Colonel Steele is equally beloved by the rest of us who walk in mufti. And the big man, for whom flags have been flung and bells pealed, stood in the swaying mass and looked upon the eager faces, the plain, simple, upstanding epitome of his words to his men, bearing himself as a true British soldier. And it somehow seemed then as though life must be simpler for the soldier than for other men. Perhaps it is that the soldier-life claims the straight, simple, soldier-type.

## *St. Agnes*

Continued from page 107.

nerless, supperless but still enthusiastic, missionary.

Since then the legend of St. Agnes has grown in the Northland.

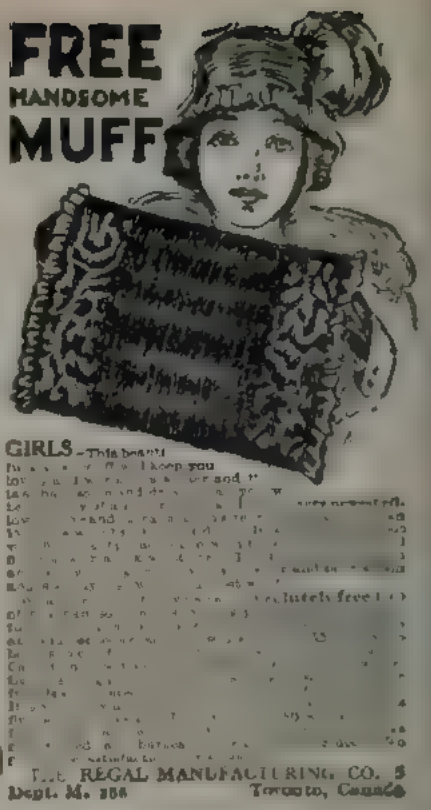
"I never go into a camp now but there's someone who comes up and asks me if I remember the winter such-and-such a year, and sometimes I know scores of the fellows by sight, she said. "The boys are kinder to me than you can imagine and often take up collections to be forwarded to the W. C. T. U. societies that send me. I never ask for such a thing, purely a thank-offering for the mothers boys' mothers.

Sometimes the camps are big and clean and sometimes they're little and well not so big, but the men are always kindhearted and even when I don't see a woman from Monday to Saturday I never lack anything."

To be sure the accommodation is always up to metropolitan standards. The missionary has often slept on the office-floor—or on one-third of the floor with a curtain round it. She has had her nose frozen during the night. She has felt an enquiring mouse walk over her face. But never, never has she had any inconvenience that the camp could prevent.

Sometimes indeed the kindnesses are almost overwhelming.

Once there was a Scotch foreman who marshalled seventy men in to listen to the missionary, willy nilly. Calvinistically considered, some of them might be foreordained to be damned and were therefore useless as billets for a text. But the foreman couldn't sort the sheep from the goats, hence the whole flock was sent to church. The preacher was far too much of a good fellow to believe in religion by conscription, but she


THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. 5
Dept. M. 356 Toronto, Canada

couldn't un-Scotch a Scotchman.

I didn't just feel in trim to be inspiring," she said afterward, "but you can imagine my dismay when I found that the place was infested with rats who also seemed sent to church! It would never have done to let the boys see I was afraid so I just stood there and talked. Later on, a little girl came in and caught three rats one after the other, driving them to cover around my feet. She presented each of them to me for inspection and then ate them up. But the foreman never smiled!"

It was last winter that Miss Sproule and a Comfort Bag played Cupid in the Northland. This particular sly Bag hadn't a motherly letter in it, but a big-sisterly one.

It was the camp clerk who read it, one cold and lonesome day. He also answered

"And now—but maybe I shouldn't tell you," said St. Agnes laughing, "they're to be married this fall!

"There was a little wife I met last winter. She lived in the sweetest, cosiest most comfortable home that she could make herself just like a little nest. She and her husband had watched the camp all alone for the whole summer. In the fall she was to go into Blind River and you can imagine how she looked forward to the streets and the shops.

"They were just four days out. Then they crawled back again with their money all gone. Yes, whiskey. Do you wonder we fight it? Do you wonder, too, that the poor little lonesome woman who fears the woods, hates the town even more?"

For it's whiskey that is the curse of the Northland just as it is a curse to the elemental non-reasoning man everywhere. Months of hard work, simple fare and no excitement lay the requisite foundation for a letting go in town that empties the flask and the pocket book at the same time and sends the lumberjack back to camp with nothing but a bad taste in his conscience. It was a British Columbia construction man who this summer told a friend that three times he had saved enough to take him home to visit his little sister in England, and three times his trip had ended west of Winnipeg, and three times he could write the cause as whiskey.

The only way to drive out a big army is to let loose a bigger one, or in any case a closer-shooting, harder-marching, longer-enduring force. So far Ontario White Ribboners haven't succeeded in lining up in this way against Ontario whiskey dealers. But in the individual case, as Miss Sproule will tell you, the almost-gone will of the poor, lovable lumberjack has been reinforced by Something—Someone, she would say—that has enabled him to take his paycheck to the money order stand at the Post Office instead of cashing it at the bar. And to save one man—and that nearly always means one woman too—is worth more than millions of feet of timber floated to the Lake. It's worth standing long cold days and bitter twinkling nights to achieve, it's worth putting up with hunger and thirst and deadtiredness, and hair white like St. Agnes' before its time.

And now, last of all, when the camp work is slack and the big kind-hearted boys have poured from the woods through Valcartier and away into Europe, the mothers of men who sent St. Agnes northward are despatching another helper to the east. He is a Y. M. C. A. secretary who served in the big Quebec camp, now deserted, and the women are pledged to support him as long as the War lasts, so that, becoming the fourth missionary of the society, he can carry the memory of St. Agnes and the Testament clear up to the German guns

St. Lawrence Sugar

Children Need Sugar

Pure sugar is necessary to the health of young or old. Good home-made candy, sugar on porridge, fruit or bread—not only pleases but stimulates

Buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in bags and be sure of the finest pure cane sugar, untouched by hand from factory to your kitchen

Bags 100 lbs., 25 lbs., 20 lbs., Cartons 5 lbs., 2 lbs

FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

*Sold by best dealers.* 11

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Old Style Way

Easy Form Way

Right Hand B--A-G G EE-- D

Piano Playing Made Easy as A-B-C

By This New "Easy Form Method" that Enables a Child or Beginner to Play Well in One Evening

When the Music Says "B" Just Strike the Key Marked "B" You Can't Go Wrong!

No more mysterious, difficult notes to learn before you can play the piano or organ. No more spending of years in study and practice. Why? Because music has now been simplified so that anybody who can read printed letters—A-B-C D E F G—can read the new "Easy Form" music at a glance, and the key-board guide which is placed in back of the key-board shows you where to put the fingers of both hands on the right keys every time.

No chance for failure—anyone can learn quickly. Young children and old people learn to play a few months and amuse and delight their friends.

You can test and prove this method without paying a cent. Just send the coupon. Complete instructions, keyboard guide and pieces to be played, charted, popular and dance "Easy Form" music will be sent to you at once, all charges prepaid. If you like the outfit you have the right to return it and owe nothing, or keep it and send us $1.00 a month until the total of $18.00 is paid.

FREE Trial Coupon

EASY METHOD MUSIC COMPANY
49 Wilson Bldg., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Please send the "Easy Form Music Method" and 100 pieces of music for 7-day free trial as per terms of this advertisement.

Number of keys on piano or organ?.....Do you play old-style note music?.....

Name..... Address.....

**Convenience Itself**

People never realize how many uses there are for a Peerless Folding Table until some friend produces one from who-knows-where and sets it up, almost like magic.

**Peerless Folding Table**

Here is a table light as a camp stove and strong enough to hold half a ton without a quiver. Fold up the legs and you can stow it out of the way in a moment.

The style of table you want is in our illustrated catalogue M. Write for a FREE copy to-day.

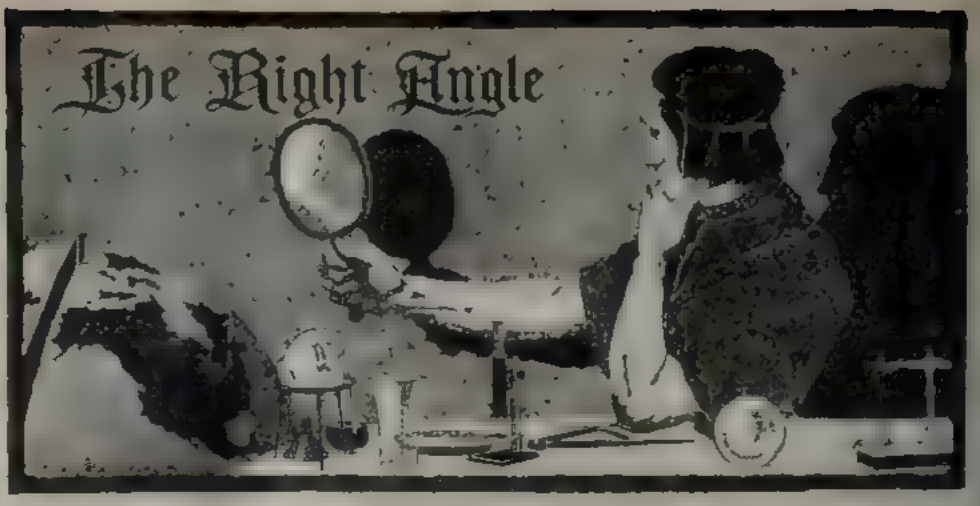
HOURD & COMPANY, LIMITED
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON · · ONT.

**The Original and Only Genuine**

**Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment**

**A $30 Bicycle GIVEN TO EVERY BOY**

Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed, any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine bicycle. Write for full details of our BIG GIFT OFFER to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.




### PATRIOTISM

WHEN Mrs. Housekeeper, who doesn't even hire a maid, gets her much-crinkled five dollar bill out of the left hand corner of the top bureau drawer and goes down town to the notion counter, it never occurs to her that she's an employer of labor. Consequently when a misguided but perfectly sincere patriot assures her that it's Wartime, and that she ought not to buy even a new backcomb if she doesn't honest-to-Eatons *need* it, she hasn't the faintest notion that her rebanking of the bill in the bureau is crippling trade.

There is no use in denying that Canada has suffered great loss in her biggest import—foreign capital. Leaving to the financial experts the question of whether the Dominion ever should have depended to the extent she did on the English sovereigns that were so willing to harness themselves for earning Canadian dimes, we can state without fear of contradiction that none of this ought to affect the backcomb industry, nor the cheese trade nor the boot and shoe business—that is, not so far as inter-Canada buying is concerned. There are still in the neighborhood of eighteen million feet walking around between Halifax and Vancouver, and they all need shoes

What can and will cripple trade, is to have Mrs. Housekeeper turn back from the street car and wad her little five back home where it came from. If she won't buy the backcomb or the new pumps, the store will decrease its selling force, the wholesale house will call in its travellers, the factory will throw off its hands. And Mrs. Housekeeper will find a tramp at the back door who is wearing out the soles on his own old shoes just precisely because he isn't allowed to put the soles on Mrs. Housekeeper's ought-to-be new ones. And she'll also have the Y. W. C. A. Secretary or the head of the Patriotic Relief Bureau ringing her up in an attempt to place as maid, Miss Saizie Stenographer, late of the office at the same shoe factory.

"But I'm not hanging on to my five dollars—at least not all of it," says Mrs. Housekeeper; "I mean to give some of it away in charity. This will be a hard winter."

Charity? And who wants charity? Not John at the back door nor Saizie on the wire, even though both of them may be forced to ask for it. What they really want is their everlasting same-old jobs back. That's all.

And Mrs. Housekeeper — who doesn't know it, wouldn't dream of it, couldn't believe it for worlds—Mrs. Housekeeper who is so sorry for John and Saizie and so ready to give them handouts — *Mrs. Housekeeper has hooked their jobs*!

Conversely stated and in shorter words, what we want is what Great Britain wants, what she has preached and pulpiteered and pamphleted to obtain — BUSINESS AS USUAL — and this means that, unless your receipts have diminished, your expenditure must be kept at par, if the vast fabric of producing and handling trade that Canada has built to satisfy normal Canadian need, is not to be scrapped in favor of financial chaos or Utopian and in any case undesirable, charity.

### ATTENTION, YOU ANGLERS

"DAYS in the Open," by Lathan A. Crandall (Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto), is a book of fish stories by a minister, who therefore must be believed when he tells you that he caught a seventeen-pound muskie and is the proprietor of an unselfishly-piscatorial Judge who totes him everywhere he wants to fish and, though a perfect Izaak Walton himself, always insists that the Preacher take the first chance. From the opening chapter of the book where the boy says, "Ma, may I go fishing?" clear through to the last of the 270 pages, you hear the whirr of the cast and the bicker of the stream and you feel the sunshine on

the back of your neck. Dr. Crandall knows fish and poles and scales (both Government-inspected and privately-adjusted) as some men know the ups and downs of C. P. R. and the echoes of Hansard. He knows the fish-spots too—from Prince Edward Island to Kootenay and from Nipigon to Florida. He has tales to tell of catch and catcher in each section touched upon.

"The best trout stream in North America," the doctor says, "lies between Chicago and Hudson's Bay. . . . Behold us on a sunny morning fairly embarked and headed up the noble Nipigon. A little geography and guide-book eloquence might be appropriate just here. The Nipigon River is the largest tributary to Lake Superior. It is about forty miles in length, and the outlet of Lake Nipigon, a body of water seventy miles long by fifty miles wide, with a shore line of five hundred and eighty miles. There is a fall of one hundred and thirty feet in its course of forty miles, and that means numerous cascades and rapids. But the fact of prime importance is that this river is the home of big trout; not only large, but pugnacious. They are the Sullivans—beg pardon, I mean the Johnsons—of the Salmo Fontinalis family."

And so on through one lively leisurely out-o'-doors page after another, the doctor takes you, making you recall all your own days in the open and, if I'm not mistaken, causing you to start planning your days to come a whole year ahead.

"THE BAIL JUMPER"

"THE Bail Jumper," by Robert J. C Stead (William Briggs, Toronto), is a virile, gripping story of life in Western Canada. A young Easterner stops off in a small prairie town to work in a general store; becomes involved in a charge of theft; supposedly "jumps" his bail, but the trial shows that his case has been one of persecution instigated by a rival in love who sought his disgrace. The author knows his characters and the West. The plot is well-knit and plausible, and the interest is well sustained. In fact, if you start this story at night your eyes will likely be red the next morning—but not from weeping.

---

Speaking of dry weather the other day, some one asked an old farmer out in an arid western state:

"How would you like to see it rain, Hiram?"

"Don't care anything about it myself," he answered, "but I've got a boy six years old that would like to see it rain."

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool
Fleece Slippers, from $1.50
The illustrations show a few Jaeger Christmas Specialties
Caps, from $1.00
Write for free illustrated catalogue.
For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion
Dressing Gowns from $11.00
Lounge Jackets, " $8.25
Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM Co.
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG
Cardigans, from $3.75
Collars, " $6.00
Incorporated in England in 1883 with British Capital for the British Empire.

# The Chief Knitter

Continued from page 104.

Victoria and east to Halifax. In connection with this, Mrs. Gooderham was commanded to go to Government House where she was asked to give an account of the movement. It was a largely attended meeting, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught presiding, while Princess Patricia and Lady Borden were also present. Some time after this meeting was held, the following telegram, which will show to what use the money was apportioned, was sent from London to the Duchess who forwarded it to Mrs. Gooderham: "London, Oct. 7th, 1914,

With reference to your despatch No. 561 of 24th of September, please inform Duchess of Connaught that Army Council most gratefully accept generous gift of $20,000 from women of Canada and ask that warm thanks may be conveyed to donors. Army Council propose to spend whole sum in purchase of motor ambulance cars, half to be used in France and half in this country, and they would arrange that each car should be inscribed "Canadian Women's Motor Ambulance." It is estimated that forty cars could be purchased out of gift.

(Signed) Harcourt."

Perhaps Mrs. Gooderham is best known in connection with her untiring work in the Preventorium, where, through the nursing and attention provided for them, many of God's little ones who are the unfortunate offspring of tubercular parents are given a new lease of life. Much has been written on this work before, suffice it to say, that her efforts have been so appreciated that King George in recognition has conferred the title of "Lady of Grace" upon her. She was also commanded to attend at the Coronation.

In addition to her labors with the Daughters of the Empire, Mrs. Gooderham is interested in a number of Women's Clubs including the Women's Art Association, the Women's Musical Club, the Rosedale Golf Club and the National Council of Women of Canada.

But it is perhaps as the perfect, because the simple and unassuming hostess, that the mistress of "Deancroft" is most of all her real self, looking for the best in everyone, giving to everyone of her own best, and therefore receiving from others that mead of admiration and true love which is her due.

---

# The Jade Earring

Continued from page 101.

relation, if extended beyond that, is liable to abuse. But Miss Meredith's case is peculiar. She is an old lady—frail, nervous—quite alone in the world, for all her relatives have been numerous. She's entirely unable to meet the various business and social demands that are made on a person of her wealth and position. I am able to get on with her better than most people, and so it has happened that I have given up my practice and devoted myself exclusively to her affairs."

He said it all in a very straightforward fashion. His frankness seemed almost to admit the existence of a mercenary motive in what he had done, for certainly he was speaking of her with no pretense of affection.

But after all one was inclined to say: "Why not?" The only thing that I didn't like was his telling it to me. He

Victrola XVI. $260 Mahogany or Oak

# Get that Victrola for Christmas

Your whole family will be pleased on Christmas morning to find a Victola in the home.

The Victrola is a worthy addition to any home. Its music and entertainment are always welcome, and there's surely no better time to get a Victrola than right now

Go to-day to any "His Master's Voice" dealer in any city or town in Canada and see about your Victrola and he will arrange to deliver it any time before Christmas.

There are victrolas in all Styles and Sizes from $20 to $300 Sold on easy terms, if desired

Write for free copy of our 300-page Musical Encyclopedia listing over 5000 Victor Records. Ask to hear "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" the famous British Marching Song, on Victor Record No. 17639

**Berliner Gram-o-phone Co.**
Limited
*Dept. V* **MONTREAL**

Victor Records—Made in Canada
Patronize Home Products

454 430

## $100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned, unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches, or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School Act quickly Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

**CANADA MONTHLY ∴ TORONTO, ONT.**

made such a parade of candor that I distrusted a little.

He laughed. If I could have spoken my thoughts aloud he couldn't have read them more accurately.

"You're wondering why I should tell you all this," he said. "Well, it's a necessary preliminary to some questions I'm going to ask. You know who it was that Mr. Jeffrey painted the portrait of?"

"Miss Meredith's niece, I think he said."

He nodded. "And did Mr. Jeffrey inform you also that he accepted Miss Meredith's commission without seeing her—that he has never seen her?"

"Yes," said I. "He told me that, too."

"It must have struck him as a very curious arrangement," the doctor went on. "Really, it was by my advice that the thing was done that way. As I said, Miss Meredith is a very nervous woman, and the death of her niece seems to have caused her a serious shock. They were in Paris together three years ago when the girl died."

"That would accentuate the shock, of course," said I, "being alone with her in a foreign country. They were traveling about together, I suppose?"

"No, as a matter of fact," said the doctor, "they were living in Paris. Miss Meredith prefers the Continent to this country, and Claire was, I believe, studying art."

I couldn't help the catch in my breath that came just then. I was quick enough to choke the exclamation of astonishment that was on my lips. I experienced for a moment the same sensation that must have been Jeffrey's constant companion during the past two months, and I didn't wonder at the look of panic that sometimes came into his eyes. The doctor wasn't looking at me, and I was glad of it.

"That was three years ago, you say?" I tried to make the question sound casual enough, but I don't know how well I succeeded.

He nodded. "She died of smallpox during the epidemic of that year," he said. "Miss Meredith never got over the shock of it. The girl is very constantly in her thoughts, and she wanted a portrait that should be a more living memorial than the one photograph which she possessed. But you will understand, I think, that it was impossible, in her condition, to talk calmly about the girl to a stranger—to tell him in detail, facts about her appearance such as Mr. Jeffrey wanted. So I had to undertake to convey them to him at second-hand. It is really marvelous that, under such a handicap, he succeeded so well."

He told me that Miss Meredith had

Continued on page 143

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

# Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

## Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

# NECHAKO VALLEY

## on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says: "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

**There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.**

## Board of Trade
## Vanderhoof, B. C.

**"The Dominating Center of Nechako Valley."**

***We have nothing to sell.***

***Fill out, clip and mail this coupon.***

C. M Dec

BOARD OF TRADE,
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA

I wish to get a farm of . . .. . . .a res for . . . . . .

at about $. . . . . per acre. My resources are about $. . . . . This coupon does not obligate me in any way

Name .

Address. .

# Your Christmas Problem Faces You

## Here's an Easy Solution

## BUY BOOKS

THEY are not only reasonable in price—a mighty big factor this year—but, if you choose the right ones, are certain to be thoroughly acceptable. You cannot make a mistake in buying any of the following at your bookseller's.

**THE CALL OF THE EAST**
By THURLOW FRASER. $1 25

A refreshing, clean novel of love, war and heroism, with a touch of the devotional by an athletic Canadian parson

**SELINA**
By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN. $1.35

What's going to happen to your daughter when she leaves High school? Read about it in this charming novel

**THE CLARION**
By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. $1 35

Patent medicine and newspapers, with a sprinkling of good romance. May be taken in large or small doses. A sure cure for [illegible]

**QUINNEYS**
By H. A. VACHELL. $1 25

An out-of-the-ordinary novel which is going like pancakes with maple syrup. Your friend will miss something good if he doesn't read it

**CLARK'S FIELD**
By ROBERT HERRICK. $1 35

A strong story of unearned millions and what they didn't bring.

**ARIADNE OF ALLAN WATER**
By SYDNEY McCALL. $1 25

One of the really sweet stories that maidens of to-day like so well

**Let your bookseller solve your Christmas problem**

# William Briggs

**PUBLISHER**

**29-37 Richmond Street West**

**TORONTO : : : ONT.**


# *The Dream of Prussianism*

Continued from page 92.

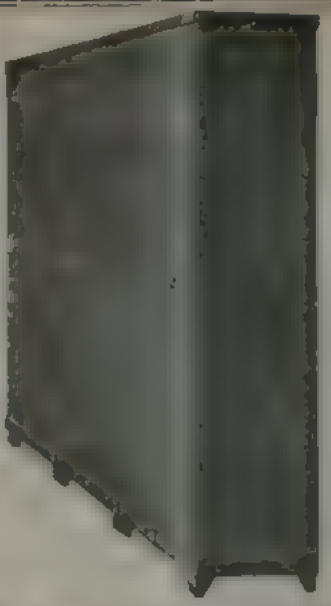
in cold blood. I well remember the horror felt in the pension where I was staying when the news arrived that at Carlsruhe a German officer had stabbed a civilian to death for some alleged insult in a restaurant. The officer, whose name if I remember rightly was von Brusewitz, was afterwards killed fighting for the Boers in the South African War

In Heidelberg I once accompanied an American student to the custom house to fetch a parcel. The building, an unpretentious one on the river bank, had its bare floor littered with packages and parcels. We entered, as we thought unobserved, but immediately a sharp voice ordered us to remove our hats. My American friend, whose father by the way was born in Germany, was foolish enough to protest and argue.

At the German post-offices, where the officials at the wickets are almost invariably middle-aged, ambitionless Germans, one has to obey the regulations to the very last letter or suffer unpleasant consequences. It is the same on the railways. Everything is done with precision. Everything is rigid.

With regard to the newspapers it is certainly true that, outside of the Socialist organs, the military autocracy has never received any effective challenge. And while the Socialists elect nearly one-third of the members of the Reichstag and poll over one-third of the votes cast, it is very easy to exaggerate the importance of their movement. In essence it is not a national democratic movement, but an international and academic one It has failed to attract to itself the nation's influential men of affairs, although it receives a large silent vote from people who by no means share Socialist doctrine. Such people vote for the Socialist candidates in order to record a general protest against existing conditions. What has been lacking in Germany and what is to-day lacking is a strong and virile political party imbued with practical democratic ideals and commanding the support of a wide circle of influential business and professional men.

During a considerable part of my stay in Germany I subscribed to and read closely the "Berliner Tageblatt," one of the chief dailies of the country and one which may be described as liberal in its views. Yet I can recall in the columns of the "Berliner Tageblatt" no criticism whatever of Germany's constitutional limitations, that is to say of the structure upon which the whole nationalist, militarist propaganda rested. At least ninety per cent of the political articles in what might be called the liberal press of Germany dealt with some phase of the struggle between the industrial population and the landed aristocracy in regard to the duties on foodstuffs. Of any direct attempt to force representative and responsible government upon an unwilling military autocracy, I remember nothing.

There is no item of equipment, for [illegible] steel they are strong and secure [illegible] inflammable They promote system [illegible] provide comfort and protection Worth your while to know about

**Dennis Wire and Iron Works Co., Limited**
LONDON, CANADA

Oxydonor
TRADE MARK

**The Painless Drugless**
**ROAD TO HEALTH**

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn out feeling and regain robust health by use of the Oxydonor

SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE

"Oxydonor [illegible] I used a double and a single Oxydonor for about seven year MRS. LIZZIE MURPHAM 177 Caroline St North. Jan 16th, 1912 [illegible]

OVER SIX YEARS' USE

After having [illegible] my house for over six years I would not part with for any money if I could not get another." MRS. E S C [illegible] Jan 26th 1913 Toronto Ont.

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr Sanche

*Beware of fraudulent imitations The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr H Sanche*

WRITE TO DAY for FREE BOOK on HEALTH.
Dr H Sanche & Co Dept 88,
384 St Catherine St W Montreal Canada

Oxydonor
TRADE MARK

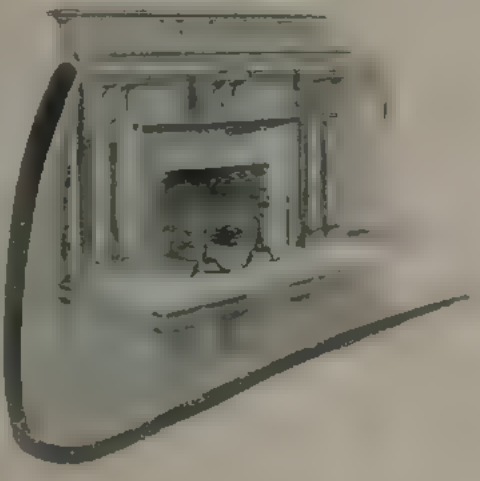
I might proceed to illustrate my contention by the position of women in Germany. Outside of a relatively small class, composed chiefly of university women, I think I am safe in saying that German women have been less touched by the feminist movement than the women of any other of the larger countries of the world.

One could very easily trace the militarist ideal in the student life of Germany. The German "*Kommers*" is a famous institution. It is the name given to gatherings in which students and professors foregather to sing patriotic songs, make patriotic speeches and drink the national beer. In the alcoholic atmosphere of the "*Kommers*," hundreds of thousands of German students during the past quarter of a century have sung, "Germany, Germany Above Everything, Above Everything in the World" and this, it seems to me, does not tend to lay the foundations of a peaceful, sober democracy

Whilst it is now some years since I was in Germany I find on every hand evidence that there has been no weakening of the militarist spirit there. Indeed it would seem as if the war lords had gained steadily in popularity. I note that a writer in The London Times, relating his experiences in Germany during the few days immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, writes of the prevailing atmosphere very much as I have written of it in the foregoing. I offer the following extract from his letter for what it is worth

"Thus I found commercial Frankfurt, scholastic Heidelberg, fashionable Wiesbaden, and military Coblenz all of the same mind. To paraphrase an old adage, 'Let me hear a people's songs, and I will tell you their minds.' It should be borne in mind that, except Austria (and Servia), no nation was then at war, yet the whole German people had the war-fever. It was most obvious, the Press bulletins, which take the place of the newspaper poster in Germany, being eagerly read; always there was a crowd round them as soon as they were displayed.

"The hotel *Portier* at Coblenz congratulated me on being there that night, 'because of the excitement about this war,' and he told me that they were mobilizing. Asked who they were going to fight, he replied with vigour that they had stood enough from France and Russia; and asked what they expected to get out of a war he chuckled and replied that 'Germany had never lost a war and always got something out of it.'"



No doubt the position of Germany to-day is capable of explanation. No doubt fully to appreciate this position one must know something of the Holy Roman Empire, something of the Napoleonic Wars, the revolutionary period of 1848, the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars, and much more But, after all, explanation is not justification. And it boots little to point to the oligarchic electoral system of Prussia, to the slumbering jealousies of the individual German states, to the limited powers of the Reichstag, or to the domination of Prussia in the Bundesrat or federal council.

The responsibility for these things lies in the last resort with the German people. Nothing, it seems to me, can alter that. The notion that the Kaiser and his immediate colleagues could over-ride the determined will of sixty-five million people has never seemed to me to be valid. My conclusion is then that the German people as a nation are behind the Kaiser and his war lords, or at least that they have been up to the present. The significance of this difference will doubtless be noted. It seems to me that the German people have deliberately reared in their midst the monster of militarism and that this monster is now, in the fullness of time, scattering its poisonous brood abroad in the land.

Before closing I wish emphatically


# Check Off These Important Finishing Facts

Whether you intend to finish your new home throughout or simply refinish a floor—here are some important facts you should know.

## *Liquid Granite*

is a lasting waterproof varnish that resists hard wear to an unusual degree. It will not crack, mar nor wear white. And for white interior finishing there is nothing superior to

## *Luxeberry White Enamel*

—a hard, tough, non-porous finish—whitest white in tone. It will not crack, peel, fade, nor turn yellow. Another high quality Berry Brothers finish is that celebrated varnish extensively used for exterior finishing of natural woods—

## *Luxeberry Spar*

it does equally good work on a front door or the deck of a boat. It is waterproof, weatherproof and extremely durable.

Further facts can be had at any time by writing direct to our factory or from our nearest dealer.

BERRY BROTHERS
INCORPORATED
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1858
WALKERVILLE

## "Business as Usual"—Better, in Fact!

DURING eleven days ending November 6th, 1914, we sold the splendid total of **53 Sherlock Manning 20th Century Pianos**, while others were complaining of slack business and lack of sales.

It simply goes to show that Canadian buyers will give the preference to the

Style 70—Colonial.

# Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

## "Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

From present indications, piano prices may shortly take a decided advance. We therefore advise prompt action in order to secure full advantage of our famous

### $100.00 Saving Offer

When you buy a Sherlock Manning 20th Century Piano you get every standard quality feature found in the few [illegible] made—a piano that will stand comparison with any—a piano with a ten-year guarantee—for a full hundred dollars less.

### The Ideal Christmas Present

is one that remains in the possession of the recipient [illegible] daily reminding of the kindly thought of the giver. A Sherlock-Manning will bring life and cheer into the home for years to come. Let us co-operate with you to make your piano gift one of highest quality, and at the same time save you $100. Write to Dept. 11 for our handsome art catalogue "D." Do it to-day.

## SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO.

LONDON (No Street Address Necessary) CANADA



## The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S

# La-rola

Obtainable in Canada, from all Chemists and Druggists. Manufactured by M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England.

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.


to disclaim any animus against the German people. The four years I spent in Germany were very happy ones and, with practically no exceptions, I was treated by the German people in a kindly and friendly way. Even what I have written at the beginning with regard to Herr Professor was not written in any spirit of antagonism. To me the old autocrat was always friendly and he had generous impulses. When I left the pension for England to attend my father's funeral, Herr Professor insisted upon kissing me. Heaven grant both him and Frau Professor a few years of quiet breathing after the present nightmare is over. I fear they will have suffered greatly by the war.

It is clear to me that the German people, with the spirit of militarism and the dream of Prussianism exorcised and blood-sweated out of their system, will again serve the world through fruitful and beneficent industry. The innate ability and the many sterling qualities of the German people will again have free play to profit and enrich the earth. According to one historian, the German people had opportunities to put their house in order in 1848, in 1859 and again in 1862. All these chances were let ship. However, it is not likely that the military autocracy will survive the present shock

## *The Lamplighter*

Continued from page 106.

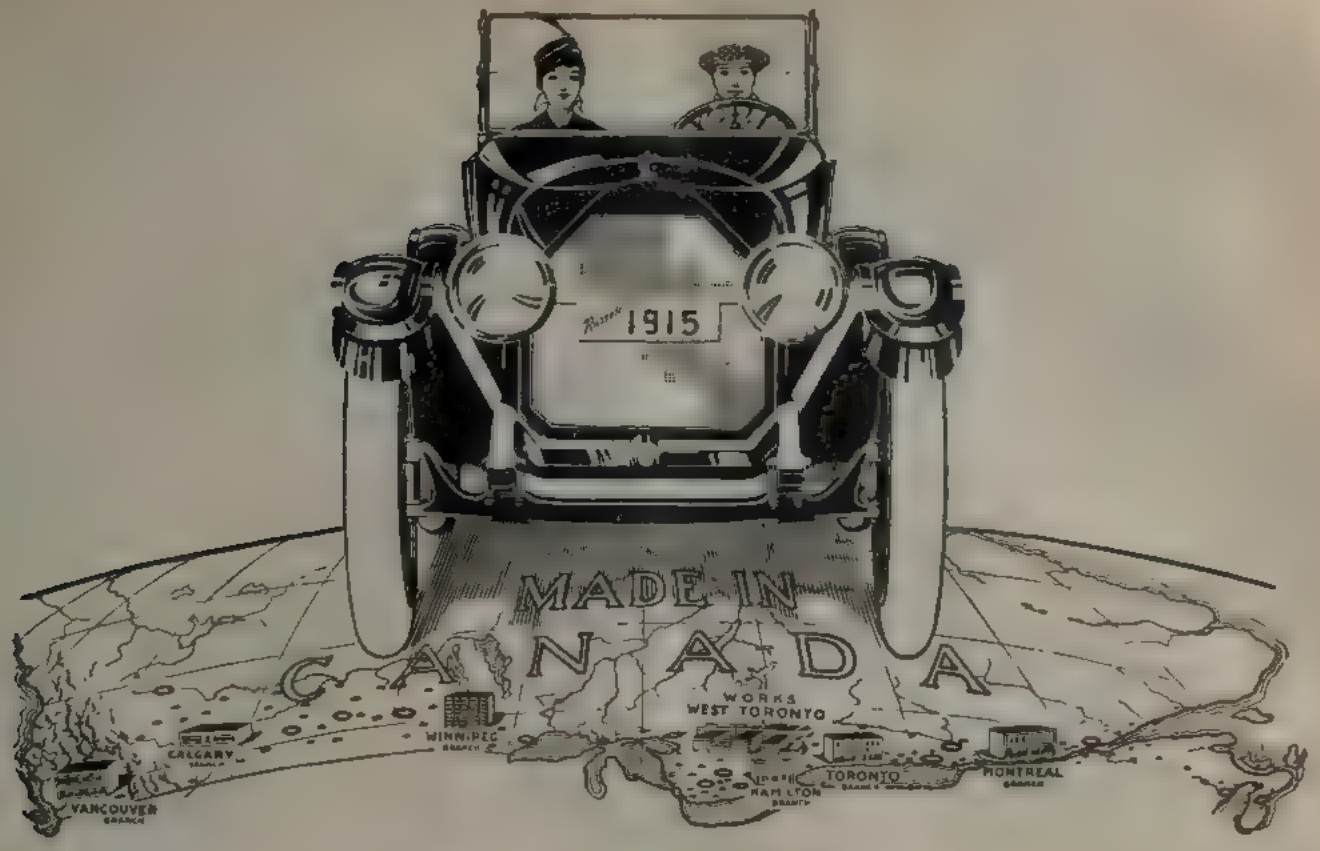
practicability of the scheme had been demonstrated, the future Power Minister moved out into the Province.

Here he found a giant Rosebery who wasn't even pulling a Canadian cab. With the amazing thoroughness that characterized his every new endeavor, Mr. Beck set about harnessing Niagara.

To-day the Hydro Electric Power Commission controls a transmission line that stretches clear across the two hundred and fifty two miles to Windsor. One hundred and six municipalities have contracted for power. And this of course is only a beginning compared to the hurdles of distance that Niagara's new master plans to make him jump when Canada is good and ready to pay for it

Turning once more to London, Mr. Beck conceived the idea that the town should buy and electrify the Port Stanley railroad. Half the people didn't understand the pros and cons, but, "Adam says it's o. k.," so they voted for it despite the bitter attacks of his political opponents

His latest achievement has been the Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Byron, for the success of which Lady Beck has done as much as her husband. Some




# Russell Cars Guarantee Quality—Service—and Value

For every dollar you *invest* in a RUSSELL, you get a dollar of *tangible* value. ($1000 duty cannot add one cent of worth.) You get *more*. You *pay less*. You help develop a Canadian industry. You increase Canada's prosperity. The production of Russell Cars gives employment to 1,500 men. Requires $2,000,000 worth of material yearly. Distributes over $1,000,000 in wages to Canadian mechanics.

### More Beautiful

Latest European stream line bodies New domed fenders Concealed foot-hinges Clean running boards Double head lights Lasting lustrous finish Spare tires at rear **Full Equipment**—Highest quality top Button, rain vision ventilating windshield Demountable rims Spare rim. Warner speedometer Clock. Electric horn, etc.

### More Comfortable

Perfectly balanced chasses. Long three-quarter elliptic rear springs Ample wheelbase Big wheels New proven two-unit electric starting and lighting system New instrument board complete control at finger tips) Left side drive Center control Quick acting Collins side-curtains, opening with doors, and adjustable from seats.

### More Efficient

Latest-type, long-stroke, smooth-running, high-efficiency engines More power less weight Saving of fuel, oil and tires Newest type ignition Chrome nickel-steel gears and shafts. Cleverly designed chasses Light, strong, heat treated steels Full floating rear axle. Worm bevel gears. Double dust-proof brakes. Very low operative cost per mile.

**Five reasons why YOU should drive a Russell "Made in Canada" Car:**

**1st: The highest quality car at the lowest price 2nd Most comfortable—easiest-riding—smoothest-running car built.**
**3rd: Built of finest materials—by expert workmanship Fully guaranteed and backed by service stations from coast to coast**
**4th: Made in Canada—by Canadian workmen—in a Canadian-owned-and-operated plant**
**5th A vital unit in Canadian industry—whose success helps to build up Canadian prosperity—which in turn helps YOU.**

**Ride in a RUSSELL to-day. Performance proves its worth.**

*Agency applications invited in open territory* "6-30"--$1750 "4-32"--$2650 "6-48"--$4500 *Catalogue and full descriptive matter on request*

**Works and Executive Offices**
**WEST TORONTO**

**RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY LIMITED.**

**Branches:**
**TORONTO — HAMILTON**
**MONTREAL — WINNIPEG**
**CALGARY—VANCOUVER**

# The Climax of Six Cylinder Efficiency

**THIS announces the widely discussed and keenly anticipated Overland Six—the Six that we predicted would upset all previous and present six cylinder value standards.**

## *Specifications of Model 82*

*Seven passenger touring car*
*125-inch wheel base*
*Electrically started*
*Electrically lighted*
*Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping*
*Hand buffed leather, long grain bright French finish*
*One man top*
*Pockets in all doors*
*Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built in*
*Extra long underslung rear springs*
*Full floating rear axle*
*35 inch x 4½ inch tires; smooth tread in front; non-skid in rear*
*Left hand drive*
*Centre control*
*45 horsepower motor*
*High tension magneto*
*Demountable rims*
*One extra rim*
*High grade magnetic speedometer*
*Electric horn*
*Electric control buttons on steering column*

*Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3*

| | |
|---|---|
| Overland Model 80 Coupe | $2 50 |
| Overland Model 80 T | $1425 |
| Overland Model 80 R | $1390 |

*Six cylinder Model 82*
*$1975*

| | |
|---|---|
| Overland Mode 3 T | $1 33 |
| Overland Mode 3 R | $1 665 |

*All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.*

**The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.**

times the Power Minister had to be in his car by eight o'clock in order to slip in a run to Byron, but he was never too busy to spend half an hour over the plan of a new pig-pen, or fifteen minutes to argue with the electrician as to the placing of a switch in the barn.

Perhaps no conquest of Mr. Beck's has been more surprising to his fellow-townsmen than has his victory over his own disabilities as a speaker. Cromwell doubtless talked with his sword, and Moses we read was a man of a halting tongue. But the Power Minister determined to harness the English language as effectively as he had bridled Rosebery and put a bit into Niagara's mouth. To-day he is one of the finest orators we have in Canada — not the silver-tongued, wooden-headed kind, but the sort who build with steel-reenforced concrete logic, and drive the audience in bodily with sheer moral earnestness.

Finally to the King, sitting in Buckingham Palace with his advisers, came word of this loyal subject.

"Rise, Sir Adam," said the King.

It mayn't mean much to an American, but we British like to honor our finest even when we speak to them and surely no knighthood was ever better and more lastingly earned

Then came the days of the Empire's trouble, pouring white hot from the converter of Time glaring across half a world plunged in night

"Sir Adam" said the King to this man of German lineage who had offered himself to serve in any capacity, "you know horses Buy for my Army as well as for your own Overseas contingent Add yet this one thing more to the burdens you have taken up for the State.

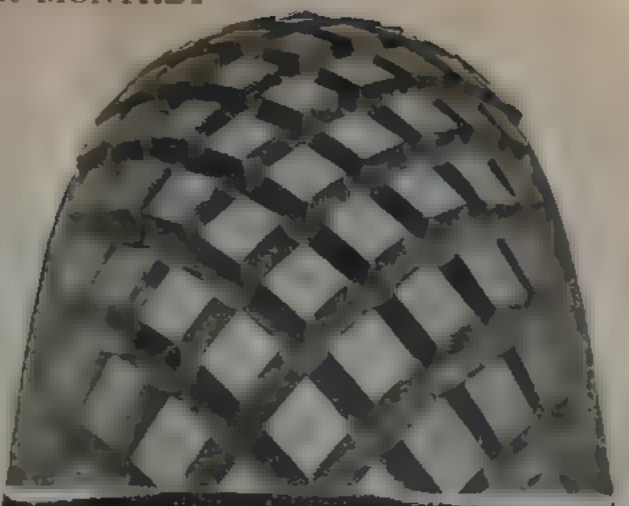
So Sir Adam bought, 1,400 of them so far brave beasts for the Germans to shoot at

Last of all, so rumor says, the party he had served—if one may use such a word of such a man—came to him leaderless, and offered him the Provincial Premiership.

It would have dazzled a smaller man.

"I am no politician and I never will be," he replied. "I will buy horses because I understand horses and I will run the Hydro because I understand that too. But the Premiership is not for me."

It's a hard thing to write of a living man who moves so fast. Next year will doubtless find Sir Adam questing off to tame some new leviathan. The present writer, though not of the Power Minister's political faith, ventures to assert that however big and however rampageous the beast may be, six months at most will suffice to teach it to know its master's voice.

# The Tire that Endured

Service alone has kept one tire to the fore. Tires have come and gone, but Goodyears continue to lead because of their master features—their correct construction that makes for super-service in all seasons, on all roads.

Some refer to Goodyears as "the well-balanced tires." That is because of Goodyear uniform construction from carcass to tread. Each part is designed to last as long as every other part. Such balance is essential to tire economy.

Others call Goodyears "the consistent tires." That is because their scientific construction and uniform service do not demand drastic changes from time to time Consistent quality and design have meant maintained economy. Users are not asked to pay for unknown value.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

**Other Features**

And Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires offer safety, sturdiness, less trouble, more mileage.

**No rim-cuts.** A way we control prevents them.

**Fewer blow-outs,** because the "On-Air" cure, used by us alone, removes a major cause.

**Loose tread** risk reduced by 60 per cent. by a patent method we alone employ

**Fewer punctures,** because of our double-thick, extra tough, All-Weather tread

**Canada Made**

Goodyear Tires are made in Canada—at the Goodyear factory at Bowmanville, Ont. That means two things: It means you get a genuine home product and at the same time secure the utmost in tire efficiency

At the Goodyear factory master methods, equipment and men unite in developing the quality by which Goodyears have won the leadership. Goodyear construction marks to-day's finality in tire perfection Better tires are not made

**The Winter Tire**

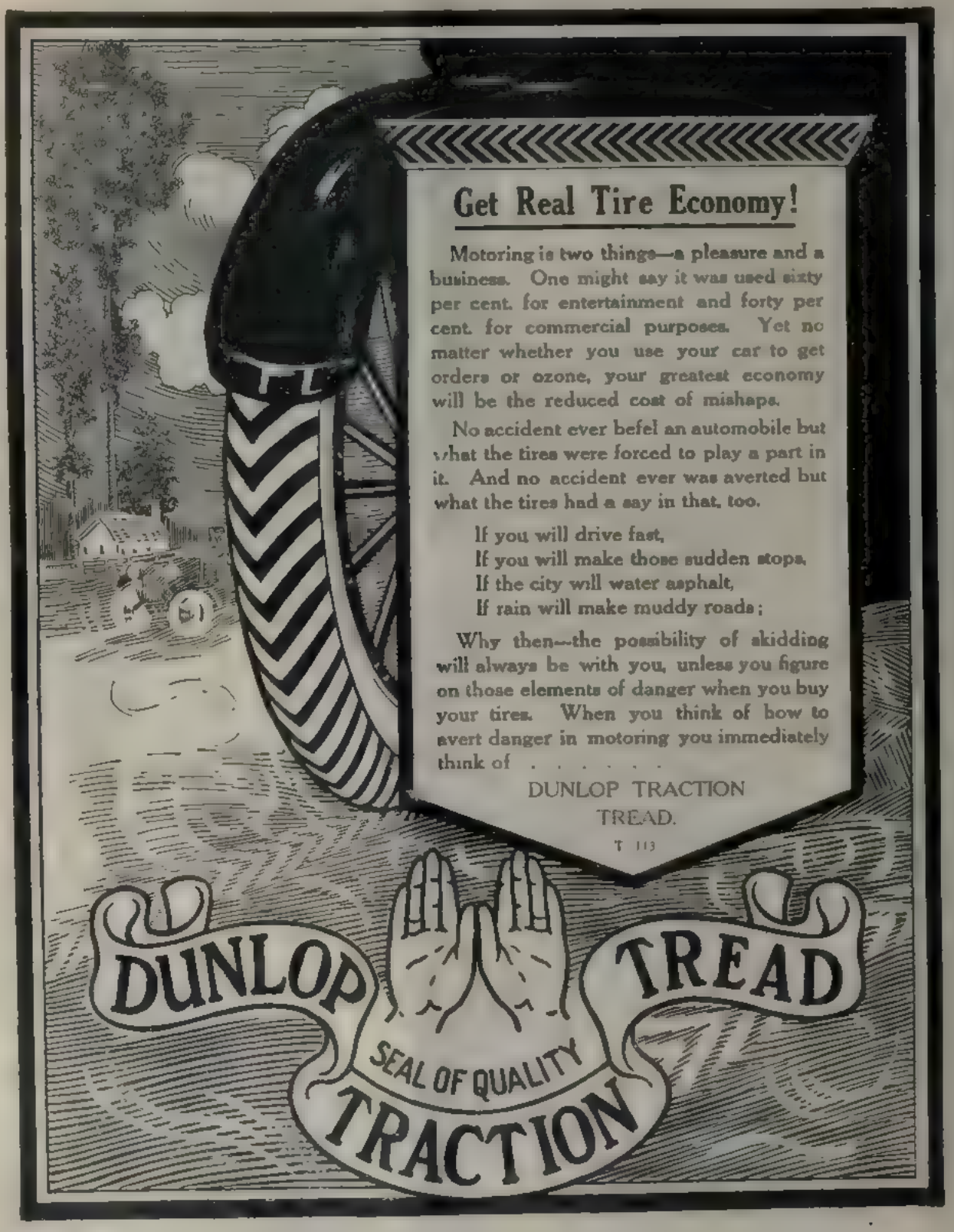
For winter use get All-Weather treads. They are tough and double thick. They have a resistless grip, yet run like plain treads Knowing them you will use them the year round

And Goodyears cost less than 18 other Canadian and American makes that do not have their exclusive features. Price for price you get a bigger Goodyear. Size for size Goodyears cost you less And you get the four big service features by which Goodyears have endured and won.

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited**

Head Office, Toronto, Ont. Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.


Get Real Tire Economy!
Motoring is two things—a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;
Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.
T 113
DUNLOP
SEAL OF QUALITY
TREAD
TRACTION

# As Keissheitai

Continued from page 83.

ing his dismissal. But once more his senior seemed to have forgotten him. Finally: "You have added your disaster to the heaviest our arms have suffered. We have sent to His Majesty, our Emperor, the saddest news we have dispatched since we took to war. You did not see the Yashima and the Hatsuse with the fleet this morning because you shall never again see them with the fleet!"

The confirmation of his fears tore the cry from the sub-lieutenant. "Our Yashima! Our Hatsuse!"

"At noon, yesterday, the Hatsuse while steaming with the Yashima, Shikishima and cruisers Kasagi and Tatsuta, before Port Arthur, ran upon a field of the enemy's submerged mines. The Hatsuse, striking one mine and starting to sink, struck another mine before aid arrived and immediately sank, carrying down the captain and more than half the crew!"

"Our Hatsuse lost!"

His senior continued. "In coming to aid the Hatsuse, the Yashima also struck a mine; and soon sank also!"

Adachi's breath seemed to fail him, as if from pressure upon him. The cold, pitiless words of his Commodore seemed physically to crush sense of the double disaster upon him, and it seemed that the senior intended to wring from the boy his cry:

"The Hatsuse and Yashima lost to Japan!"

"The Hatsuse lost to our country, yes Lieutenant Yasui! It sank in plain sight of all the Russians on their h[illegible]s. That cannot be concealed. So the admiral has telegraphed to Japan th[illegible] loss of the Hatsuse. To-day it is being mourned in our country, and the men who died upon it, honored.

"But the Yashima, having the aid of the Shikishima, and the cruisers, kept afloat six hours after it struck the mine—till it was beyond sight of the Russians. So the Yashima sank; yet [illegible]t only the foreign news-boat, Caesar, might also now strike a floating mine before it reaches Chi-Fu—our Yashima, though sunk, need not be lost to Japan!"

"If the foreign news-boat strike a mine!"

"The Admiral has reported to the Navy Department only that the Yashima is lost. He forbade it to be told even to our people; for he requires that our enemies must still believe the Yashima is in our battle line! They must not know that to-day we have but three battleships where yesterday we had five! Their ships must not dare to come out! They cannot defeat us; but—if they learn we have lost the Yashima besides the Hatsuse—

Sing-a-song-a-Sixpence, a Pocket full of Rye,
Four and Twenty Black Birds Baked in a Pie.
When the Pie was opened the King began to sing:
"That's the way I want my chef to sweeten
everything!"

Crown Brand Corn Syrup

So many kinds of delicacies can be made with Crown Brand Corn Syrup—Delicious candies, ices, ices are simpler to make. Good to eat on hot cakes. Crown Brand Syrup is a delicious purity of the art of making them and how the thrifty housewives [illegible] Crown Brand Syrup in general. It is an excellent sweetener and lends a delicious flavor to cakes, puddings and pastry.

MINCE PIES

Our Free Recipe Book tells how to use it in a host of dainty dishes. Send for it. Address Montreal Office.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited

Manufacturers of The Edwardsburg Brands

MONTREAL CARDINAL, TORONTO BRANTFORD VANCOUVER

A STANDARD OF PURITY
reached regardless of cost in the making, is maintained in
Blue Ribbon Coffee
Blue Ribbon Baking Powder
Jelly Powders, Spices or Extracts
for they come from the same house as the famous Blue Ribbon Tea. Your money back if Blue Ribbon fails to satisfy
Send 25c to Blue Ribbon, Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book
BLUE RIBBON
BAKING POWDER
BLUE RIBBON COFFEE
25

*"And the Groom's Gift to the Bride Was a Twenty-year Endowment Policy in the London Life Insurance Company"*

**Of course it caused a good deal of comment. Some people said it wasn't in good taste. The parents of marriageable daughters thought differently — they characterized the gift as "Eminently appropriate and highly practical." While a notable business man expressed the opinion of most shrewd men by saying:— "That young fellow's career will be worth watching, not because he took out an insurance policy in favor of his wife—the law should compel every man to do that—but because he invested in a London Life Policy. Mere bigness didn't get his money. The stability of the Company and guaranteed returns on his investment influenced him. Oh, he'll get along alright."**

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"

The London Life
Insurance Company
LONDON - CANADA

66

BLACK KNIGHT
NON INFLAMMABLE
BRILLIANT DURABLE
STOVE POLISH
FOR COAL WOOD AND GAS STOVES
No Dust No Rust
10¢
THE F. F. DALLEY Co LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT. BUFFALO, N.Y.

they will dare to attack so as to cripple us, perhaps too seriously. If we keep them from knowing, we can hold them as we have held them in their harbour and destroy them, at last, without loss to our fleet when our siege guns strike over their hills! And our fleet, intact, will meet whatever other fleet our enemies may send!

"This the Admiral believed still could be, when he sailed this morning. We believed that we alone knew that our Yashima was sunk! But now has come word that the news-man upon the Caesar—at this moment but a few miles off," he pointed the direction, "has learned the news and will pass for Chi-Fu with it! And so are our hands held from this news-boat, that, unless we can be sure it goes upon a mine—a mine, Lieutenant Yasui—and so sink with all on board we dare not prevent that news from being sent and becoming soon known to the Russians!"

"But a mine!" Adachi sucked his breath, as he ventured to let himself hope. "A mine!" he cried

"A mine still may save us the Yashima, Lieutenant Yasui! But a mine only! If one word were whispered even in our ranks, now or later, that one of our ships struck that news boat—neutral, representing those who are our friends—the money we must have from the foreigners would be gone! Our victorious army on the Yalu must retreat on the ground they have drenched with their blood—retreat for lack of supplies! And our soldiers must starve and freeze this winter in their trenches before Port Arthur! So it is better—far better—word that the Yashima is lost be sent at once from Chi-Fu and reach our enemies and send them out to cripple our fleet, than that ever a rumor could rise that our ships have acted against the Caesar!"

The joy of his incredible realization choked Adachi's words and the pressure, relaxed from his lungs, held him gasping.

"But if the Caesar sink from a mine,—a mine?" he pleaded.

"That will be a different matter if it be, without fail, a mine! So good-bye, Lieutenant Yasui! Take your ship at once, with reduced crew, for Sasebo, as ordered,—envying no longer your brother at the head of his *keisheitai*!" The Commodore motioned to the box in Adachi's hand. "How brilliantly his death-flower blossomed!"

The boy, lifted in one instant from the lowest degradation to the highest opportunity to efface it, returned swiftly to his ship. He bore under his coat the little wooden box of his brother's ashes. His fingers again and again tenderly touched the cover inscribed with the new name by which

**ONE DAY SERVICE**

We will ship your parcel within one day of the time we receive your order.

**WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES**

on every article catalogued, to your nearest Post Office. A post card will bring our big catalogue to you free.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO



# Holiday Jewellery

You may be puzzled to know what is new and desirable in

**Jewellery**
**Diamond Mounting**
**and Watches**

for this season. A letter of enquiry will bring the information you require.

We are experts in remodelling old jewellery and special pieces. Sketches and estimates can be promptly supplied.

**JOHN S. BARNARD,**
194 Dundas Street,
LONDON, - - CANADA

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send a postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For sale by all Druggists

THE VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO
Leeming Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.


his brother's honored spirit was now known in the Temple of Kudan.

Finding the hasty patching and calking of the Sansanami almost completed, he directed Majuka to reduce the crew to the minimum for "certain-death" service—to explain to the men it was to be, not merely a "resolved-to-die" detachment, but as a "*keissheitai*!" Accordingly to take only the necessary ones of those that offered themselves.

Hurriedly he himself saw that additional coal had been brought, that his torpedo tubes and machine-guns were in order.

Yet, as he stepped to his station and swiftly guided the Sansanami back through the fleet to sea, was there a chance for him again to fail? Were those upon the other ships in reality observing him taking his ship to Sasebo in disgrace, or, as *keissheitai*, going out upon certain-death service for his country?

Suppose he should fail to find the Caesar—suppose, in fact, the newsboat had gone upon a floating mine! He could hear old Majuka crooning to himself as he stood by the forward torpedo-tube, caressing it lovingly with his wrinkled hand. It was a snatch of an old Samurai song.

"My sword, you never tasted blood.
Wait yet awhile, only a little longer!"

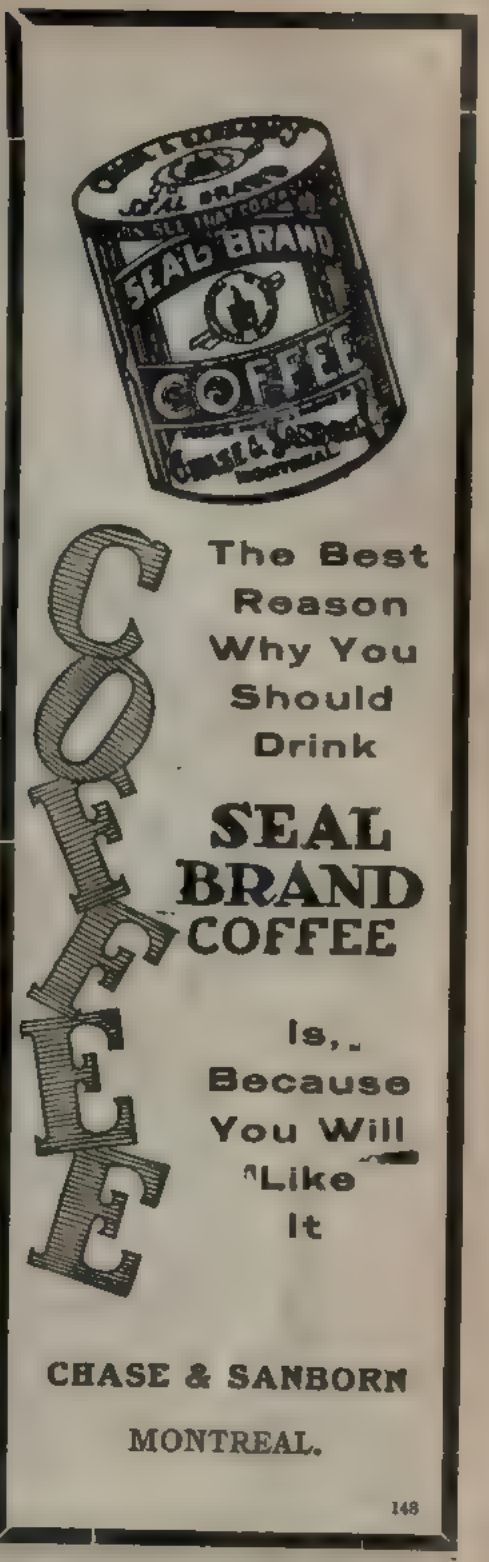
The same confidence inspired the others to whom their commander had promised glorious death. Stepping a moment below, after he had brought the Sansanami safely to sea, how the sure-death devotion shone even in the stoke-hold! How it glowed on the face of even stupid, clumsy Takesaburo as he opened the firedoors and he bent in the red light of the flaming coals.

Adachi's fears returned, as he again took the bridge. No smoke yet was in sight where he should find the Caesar; ahead he saw one, on the beam another, and now ahead still another floating mine. Was their work already done by one of these? It could not be so! No! Ahead, now smoke!

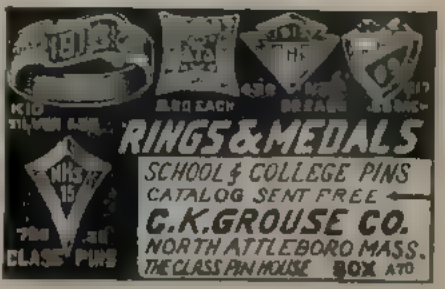
Softly, unceasingly, he prayed to his brother's spirit, as the distance diminished. He made out, through his glasses, that the ship might well be the Caesar.

Half an hour more and there remained no doubt of it. Seeing the swift pursuit of the torpedo boat, the newsboat raised its identification pennant dispelling all question.

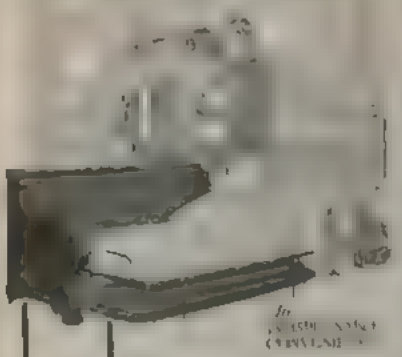
Adachi Yasui, on his bridge, swung his glass swiftly about the horizon No other ship was anywhere in sight So he and his men are *keissheitai*! He bent over the bridge rail and shouted the order exultantly, first forward to Majuka, and then to the after torpedo tube.



The Kindel Kind



THE hospitality that extends sleeping accommodations to guests over one night and possibly more, will be taxed to capacity in many homes during the Holidays

Such circumstances prove how absolutely indispensable a Kindel convertible Davenport or Divanette may become as an essential part of the furnishings

In a moment the good-looking Davenport or Divanette that has been serving, except in emergencies—perhaps for a long time—as one of the most favored pieces of furniture in the house, is converted into a bed that, in point of comfort, could leave nothing to be desired In the morning it will be as instantly returned to the other service as it was converted into a bed. All the bedding will be left upon it ready for another consecutive night of use as a bed

In either of these services, the three styles of the Kindel Kind find unusual favor These three styles are the Somersault, the De Luxe and the Divanette. All accomplish the same purpose equally well —it is simply a question of your own preference

*Ask for a copy of the Kindel booklet, "The House That Grew"*

**The Kindel Bed Company, Limited**

14 Clifford Street

New York Toronto Grand Rapids



**Readers of Canada Monthly!!**

If you know of any men who are serving our King in the present war who are old Students of Trinity College School, will you please send their names to

**The Headmaster**
**Trinity College School**
Port Hope, Ont.


"Tubes clear for action to port. Goal moving at about nine knots. We pass at two hundred yards!"

Again he touched the bell-signal to the engine room.

"Full speed ahead!"

With engines humming, the whole iron shell—the bridge, funnel, the entire super-structure—vibrating, and spray flying on all sides, the Sansanami leaped still faster forward.

"Fire!" The order loosed both torpedoes together. Shooting into the water, splashing, their whirling propellers caught and they furrowed side by side straight to the beam of their goal. Adachi called quickly a warning to the men at the machine guns to be ready. But together the torpedoes had gone home; and, as the waters subsided where the moment before had been the Caesar, Adachi commanded the machine guns unloaded. For he saw that instantaneously all was over.

Mechanically he ordered the engineer, through the speaking-tube to slow down; and he gave his direction to the helmsman.

He had not failed! He and his men, as *keissheitai*, had done their duty. But, instead of the greater exultation he had expected, sadness surprised him. It was not for the certainty of his own death, he knew. It was grief, honorable regret and sympathy, for the fate of the men whose death he had just ordered

They were very few upon the news-boat—not so many as his own men upon the Sansanami. Therefore more than full satisfaction for them would be rendered. Yet how sad and unjust that what he had done was the only thing that could have been done! The unfortunate foreign-news-man had intended no hostility to Japan. Yet inevitably he must have done irreparable injury. And there was no other way to have argued the difficulty. The news-man knew what must not be known; therefore, he was silenced, together with those who knew it with him. For that unjustifiable act, having no other right than their necessity, those that killed the foreigners would offer themselves as compensation.

Yasui felt sympathy for his men, too. It was clear that they had expected such certain-death service as they had heard of—a wild, intoxicated, life-reckless dash and attack at full speed through a half-blocked channel, over mines and between obstructions, and under deadly fire from all sides Thus torpedo-boats had attacked before, and the former certain-death detachments of the Navy had taken in the fire-boats and the hulks to sink in the harbour

They believed that their duty still was to be done; for the Sansanami's bow had been turned to Port Arthur.


CHILDREN WILL HAVE

CUTICURA SOAP

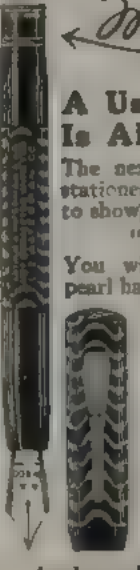
Because of its soothing emollient properties in all cases of irritation of the skin and scalp, especially when assisted by light touches of Cuticura Ointment, a fragrant, super-creamy emollient.

**Samples Free by Mail**

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Book



*The Pen with the Magic Button*



**A Useful Gift Is Always Appreciated**

The next time you stop at your local stationer, Jeweler or Druggist, ask him to show you his assortment of

"A. A. FOUNTAIN PENS"

You will find beautiful gold mounted pearl handle, plain and chased pens that are attractive presents.

**$2.00 and up.**



Our safety pens never leak and are convenient for the pocket. Perhaps [illegible] you [illegible] Christmas. We will be glad to mail you a copy. It shows a complete line of Self-Fillers, Middle Joint, Lower End Joint, and Safety Fountain Pens.

**Arthur A. Waterman & Company,**
22 THAMES STREET, NEW YORK CITY
**Not connected with L. E. Waterman Company**

It was late in the afternoon. For an hour no ship, except that which had been destroyed, had showed within the green horizon rim. But now, far to the west, black objects rose from time to time—the watching Japanese battleships and cruisers, turning back and forth at their guard stations off Port Arthur. They were barely in sight, and Yasui ordered the helmsman to avoid them.

However, they had told him that to-day the blockade was as usual; that the Russians had not dared to come out—that, not having heard, now they could not hear of the Yashima!

The slow sun of late May sank over the Laoteshan mountains. Its long, fiery rays glowed over the steep cliffs below Port Arthur; their magnificent red radiance spread over the water. And now, straight ahead, lay a shoal, sown thick with the Russian mines.

The Sansanami, steering for this, was seen by the light cruisers and destroyers which had relieved the armoured vessels before the harbour's mouth. The nearest signaled a warning.

But Adachi Yasui only requested Majuka to hold to the course. Having ordered that generous rations, with a cup of *sake*, be given to each man, he went below to see that all had drunk.

From the tiny cages of bamboo, where the sailors kept little green and black crickets as pets, a cheerful chirping assailed him. Glancing about, he saw that the bits of rind upon which the crickets fed, recently had been pressed into each little cage.

Suddenly, in his transport of glorious expectation, came to him the recollection of the line spoken by the poet, Basho, upon parting with a friend, hearing the crickets.

"Nothing in the cicada's voice
Gives token of a speedy death."

How beautiful! But—an uncontrollable shout from above! Already the Sansanami was upon the mines!

Adachi leaped for the ladder; but too late to see it. His fingers felt under his coat for the little box of his brother's ashes. . . . . .

Sub-lieutenant Yasui, late in command of torpedo boat of the third class, No. 108, slowly recognized that the man bathing his face was strong Takesaburo, the stoker. Still more slowly he realized that he and Takesaburo were in a little boat half full of water, and that blood stained the water in it—that he and the stoker alone lived of those that had been upon the Sansanami, and that nothing remained of the torpedo boat but a few floating splinters, and the little leaking dinghy to which Takesaburo must have swum with him.

Yet the red glow of the sun behind the Russian forts seemed no less. To his men death must have come as swiftly as to those upon the Caesar.

Blood covered Takesaburo's big body; he was surely hurt badly; yet he had thought only of his commander; and his thick fingers had been bathing and bandaging so tenderly. He had stripped himself entirely to thrust strips of his clothes into the leaking seams of the boat; and he had labored, so smilingly, to keep it afloat till the Japanese destroyer, which had signalled the Sansanami the moment before, could come to them

How sad to tell Takesaburo that he had done only wrong.

"Takesaburo, for our country's safety, we without warrant took the lives of foreigners neutral upon the vessel Caesar, which we destroyed. Wherefore—in order that no harm may come upon our comrades for this—we, with our lives, must satisfy the crime. To us who have left Japan fully determined to turn into dust under the hoofs of His Majesty's steed, declaring, 'Here I stand ready to die,' has come

*For Christmas Morning*

**A KODAK**

And throughout the day the taking of pictures of all that goes to make that day a merry one.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

*Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail*

TORONTO

*It is the Taste, the Flavor of*

**BAKER'S COCOA**

**That Makes It Deservedly Popular**

Reg'ist'ed Trade-Mark

**An absolutely pure, delicious and wholesome food beverage, produced by a scientific blending of high-grade cocoa beans subjected to a perfect mechanical process of manufacture**

*Made in Canada by*

**Walter Baker & Co. Limited**

Established 1780

Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.

the cherished opportunity to perish for our country's safety."

He thought, for an instant, and, finding in a pocket two chestnuts, he offered one to the stoker.

"This was offered to the gods by my mother, and she told me to eat this without fail before offering myself to die. I will eat one, and do you also eat one. This must be our last farewell. Remember me as your true elder brother to eternity!"

Takesaburo, the stoker, understanding, reached for his knife. His features were composed and his hand steady; only, being of low birth, his clumsiness and lack of confidence in the presence of his superior abashed him.

"Lieutenant, if you really think of me as your younger brother," he requested, respectfully pointing to the officer's pistol, "do you please——"

Sub-lieutenant Yasui, alone remaining of those that had forfeited their lives, saw that he had still a moment to prepare himself calmly and with dignified exultation.

He took from his coat the ashes of his brother and strewed them reverently before him.

Tearing Takesaburo's rude calking from the side of the boat so that it must rapidly sink, he took the stoker's sharp knife in his hand.

Baring his abdomen, he bowed twice, firmly repeating his consecration so that, for the unjustifiable wrong he had done, he and those already dead might bear the retribution and take it from his superiors in the service of his country.

So he spoke to the spirits of the dead.

"I, and I alone, was responsible for the order given to fire upon the neutral boat-of the-foreigners, Caesar, and for the unwarrantable death of those which I caused. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act."

So, as the little boat sank, the rescuing torpedo boat found upon the water only a spot of blood—still red, for the instant, red as the last glow of the sun over the Russian hills. Accordingly those upon the torpedo-boat believed that they had witnessed merely the useless self-destruction of a too proud, foolish boy who had lost his ship. But their superiors, to whom they reported, knew that it was because of that blood upon the water that the Russians, as they watched from their hills for the Japanese ships, still saw always the mighty battleship Yashima under the smoke on the horizon; and that from that blood the belief that the Yashima was with the fleet still fed the fears of the Russians as Rojestvensky steered his ships for Tsushima!

**KEEP Absorbine, Jr. Handy**

It gives prompt relief from aches and pains—it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming [illegible] prompt to protect sensitive throats from infection

**Absorbine, Jr.**

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

The doubles its efficacy and [illegible] Absorbine Jr. [illegible] so harmless [illegible] comfortable to use

FOR TOOTHACHE. A few drops of Absorbine, Jr. [illegible] prompt [illegible] relief

FOR CUTS, BRUISES. Absorbine Jr. takes out soreness [illegible] promotes rapid healing

FOR SPRAINS AND SWELLINGS. Always pain [illegible] reduces inflammation and swelling

$1.00 and $2.00 per bottle, at druggists or delivered

Send 10 cents for liberal trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist to-day

W. F. Young, P. D. F.

312 Lymans Bldg. Montreal, Can.

**The General says:-**

There are many plausible "tests" of roofing, but there is only one true test—the proof on the roof

Therefore, roof your buildings—every building on the farm—with

**Certain-teed ROOFING**

—the roofing with a 15-year-service guarantee. The three [illegible] roofing mills in the world are behind it to make that guarantee good

Your dealer can furnish *Certain-teed* Roofing in rolls and shingles. [illegible] the General Roofing Mfg. Co. [illegible] largest roofing manufacturers, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

**DIAMONDS ON CREDIT**

**Terms 20% down $1-2-3 Weekly**

**Let us send you a Diamond on approval at our expense.**

The Jacobs' credit system enables you to make beautiful Christmas Presents without the outlay of much money. Diamonds increase in value 10 to 20 per cent. each year

GIVE HER A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND FOR CHRISTMAS

A Diamond is the best investment you can make

Send for Catalogue to-day. Now. Don't delay

WE TRUST ANY HONEST PERSON.

Special Holiday discount of 1 per cent. on cash [illegible] All [illegible] Pay [illegible] send [illegible] Diamonds for your inspection at our expense

**JACOBS BROS.**

Diamond Importers

15 Toronto Arcade Toronto, Canada

**Cash's "Woven Names"**

*An Ideal Holiday Gift*

Are *better* than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen [illegible] fast [illegible] cambric tape for [illegible] for [illegible] these [illegible] dainty [illegible] Orders filled in a week [illegible] samples [illegible] mings, [illegible] direct to

**J. & J. CASH, Ltd.**

301D St. James Street, Montreal, Can

Or 304 Chestnut Street, South Norwalk, Conn.

# St. Nicholas and the Lovers

Continued from page 89.

"*Fanny*! What the—what is it? Are you ill? Merry Christmas."

"Come out here, *quick*!"

In a moment the astounded Allen emerged, his head tousled and over his pajamas a bathrobe. "What on earth——"

"Don't *talk*. Cecelia's discovered that the picture is gone. She's made an awful scene. She nearly tore me limb from limb. I was so frightened I nearly died. She's sitting there now moaning and going on like a maniac. I never saw such a fool. We've got to *do* something."

"Do something," weakly repeated Fritz. "Do——"

"Right now. *Do* something. If you could *hear* her! My heavens, I never had such a time in my life."

"But wh—wh—what are you going to do?" he asked helplessly

"I've thought it all out. There's just one chance to save our lives. You've got to go and get Lucius and tell him Cecelia wants to see him."

Allen gasped. "Lucy. But—O, my good Lord! But suppose——"

"You needn't suppose *anything*. There's just one chance! They're both silly about each other, and if he gets there and sees her, he'll try to comfort her and—go—*now*. Tell him to bring the picture, too."

The thoroughly confused Allen departed, rubbing his eyes. He found Lucius still sitting in a daze before his little table, the portrait in his hand.

"Say," Fritz began awkwardly, "Cecelia has sent for you. She wants to see you to-night—now. Don't wait. She's in a hurry!"

"Wants to see *me?*" asked Prettyman. "What——"

"Now—right off—in the studio. I don't know what for. Come on. Bring the miniature."

"But—but "

"O, say, Lucy, the girl *wants* you. Come on." And he half dragged, half pushed the older man from his room, feebly protesting. Fanny stole behind them on tiptoe.

"Don't mind what she says," encouraged Allen at Cecelia's door. "You go in and *make it all right with her*!"

Without listening to Prettyman's vague ramblings and distressed protest, Fritz opened the door and shoved him in.

"Reach in and get the key and lock the door—on the outside," commanded Fanny at his elbow.

The key turned in the lock.

"Now, we'll have to stand here and wait and——" began Fanny.

"And pray," finished Fritz.

From within came low murmurs—then long silences—then again the murmurs. With long silences—then again the murmurs. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs Fanny and Fritz waited—waited, it seemed to them, for hours. A few dwellers in the top-story passed them and stared curiously, but Fanny and Fritz were oblivious. After a long time they heard some one rattling at the door Fanny drew a long breath.

"Open it," she directed. "For better or for worse."

Lucius Prettyman emerged. On his face was a sentimental smile of utter blissfulness

"Merry Christmas, Lucy," ventured Fritz

"I've had a beautiful Christmas present—it's Cecelia. We—we're engaged," he grinned bashfully

"Thank heaven, I can go to bed," remarked Fanny

Kill two birds with one stone and travel

via THE

CANADIAN ROCKIES

to the

PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

If you are planning your 1915 trip to San Francisco, make sure your ticket reads via Canadian Pacific, otherwise you will miss the grandeur beauty of nature's most stupendous works—The Canadian Rockies.

BANFF LAKE LOUISE FIELD GLACIER

Are important tourist stop-over points on the Canadian Pacific Railway route to the Pacific Coast. These have excellent hotel accommodation, with opportunties for riding, climbing, swimming, boating and golf.

Agents will personally call on you to arrange your itinerary.

Write, phone or call on nearest C. P. R. Representative.

A. O. SEYMOUR,
General Tourist Agent,
Canadian Pacific Railway,
Montreal.

# When Stores are Dear

And remember that every bottle of Bovril contains the nourishment and stimulating qualities of *many pounds of beef*. It is because of its unique *feeding* properties that Shackelton, when planning his great Antarctic Expedition, said—**It must be Bovril.**

Of all stores at 1/- oz. and 2/-: 2-oz. 40c.; 4-oz. 70c.; 8-oz. $1.30; 16 oz. $2.25. Bovril Cordial, large, $1.25 8-oz. 40c. 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos) $1.20.

# CATERING TO CANADIANS

The names of Canadians visiting this hotel are immediately communicated to the general manager, who personally arranges for their comfort and accommodation. The "Old Country" atmosphere of hospitality is combined with the most modern American hotel conveniences at the

## HOTEL MARTINIQUE

**BROADWAY AND 32ND STREET**

**CHARLES LEIGH TAYLOR, President** **WALTER S GILSON, Vice-President**

**WALTER CHANDLER, JR., Manager**

You can secure a pleasant room and bath for $2.50 per day. Our $1.50 table d'hote dinner, served in the Louis XV. room, is regarded as the best in the country, and is accompanied by the music of a full orchestra with vocal quartettes by singers from the Metropolitan Opera House. For literature and reservations address our Canadian advertising agents,

## SELLS LIMITED

**SHAUGHNESSY BUILDING, . . . . MONTREAL**

### How Do You Know That You Are Getting All the Time for Which You Are Paying Wages?

Any system of recording the arrival and departure of employees that is dependent for its success upon the honesty and energy of a clerk is liable to go wrong. Every time keeper has his friends, his prejudices and his weaknesses. He is only human! The **Dey Dial Time Recorder** (illustrated here) is adjusted and regulated to the highest pitch of absolute accuracy. It cannot go wrong unless tampered with, and a simple movement of the pointer records the actual time of arrival and departure of each employee, "lates" being automatically shown in different colored ink.

The **Dey** is made in many different sizes and styles. We have a **Dey** clock that will just suit your business. Catalogue I has many valuable pointers for every merchant. Write us for it.

**International Time Recorder Co. of Canada, Limited.**

**19-21-23 Alice Street, Toronto, Ont.**


# Card Indexing the Babies

Continued from page 98.

keep not only these utensils, but all others, as clean as the milk.

Even here, the staff reported progress. After which the white-clad ladies got talking among themselves and speedily soared into regions too rarefied for the lay mind, while a blue-dressed, black-lace-shawled mother waited for her offspring's bottle outside the enclosure and the reporter investigated the oven where the bottles were baked overnight in a temperature of 250 degrees in order to ensure the absolute cleanliness that even washing soda and the laws of Moses couldn't guarantee.

After a drink of sixteen per cent. cream as a reward for not talking the reporter was led back to the taxi and whirled off down town to where the Island Queen was about to cast off her hawser for an all-afternoon sail out on the Lake. Mr. Solman, the boat's owner, donates her for three afternoons a week, a daily newspaper provides an equipment and the ever-watchful cheerfully-cooperating Health Board comes through with two nurses and an assistant. The cargo provides itself to the tune of some 200 as an average age, babies not sick but ailing, and mothers, just smoky-lunged from the city and din-tired and weary with pushing a go-cart as a necessary accompaniment to getting outdoors.

The two nurses sat at a table while the mothers passed in a long line.

"Breastfed or bottlefed?" asked the little nurse.

"Bottlefed, please Miss."

"What formula?" was the next query, as the assistant made out a tea-and-biscuits card for the mother herself, said card good for later on in the afternoon.

"And will you believe it," the reporter was told, "we've never found a woman yet who didn't know her baby's formula! Doesn't that speak pretty well for the instruction the nurses give in the homes?"

Then, while the tired housekeepers go up on deck, and the little whimperers slumber in the hammocks provided or watch the gulls over the blue water or just lie still and think, babywise, the nurses and their assistant make up the feedings, and by the time the mothers come with their tea-tickets the bottles are ready for the kiddies.

Last of all we went back to the Creche where Queenie lies in her white cot and here we talked a little of the wonderful scheme whereby the Health Department enlists the charitable lady and the crusty old doctor and the boat-magnate and the clergy-

man and the little tenement motherkins with her pigtail down her back. The Central Office at the City Hall deals only with the three supervisors of districts and the nurse and her assistant who are in charge of all clinics. For the rest, the army runs itself, over the 'phone, through the mail, by taxi and bicycle messengers.

The Malby Family and Isabella-from-Liverpool and Queenie-without-a name never see the coral sweet peas on the green blotting pad in the Superintendent's office. But the Superintendent sees them, just as she sees Monty and Francesca doing folk dances in the Creche kintergarten and Mrs. Milhons taking the Jones baby out in her motor, and the Tomkins boy having his tonsils bloodily removed down at the General Hospital, and the Girls' Club that provides ice for nothing to those who'll build an ice-box.

"Teamwork, teamwork," says the Superintendent, "march apart and fight together. That's it."

Lord, what a fight!

## *Soldiering at Salisbury*

Continued from page 109.

four cruisers lay at anchor, close to the shore. Up and down the bay, from the misty horizon between the two headlands to the quiet water by the marsh and railway bridge, the transports stood in three long lines. There were liners and freighters of all shapes and sizes from the towering "Lapland" and the "Andania" to horse transports like the "Monmouth" and the "Lakonia." Some like the "Royal George" and the "Royal Edward," were in their steelgray warpaint. Others, like the "Laurentic," were having the glittering white of their upper works painted over. Signals were winking from the bridges of the warships and being answered by the "flag flappers" of each battalion on the different ships. We stared up and down the bay, assuring each other that "this was the biggest lot of ships that ever crossed the Atlantic together," when a hail from below drew our attention to one of the rough motor dories which the Gaspe fishermen seem to like. We forgot all about the Armada at once. There was a chance to get off some letters.

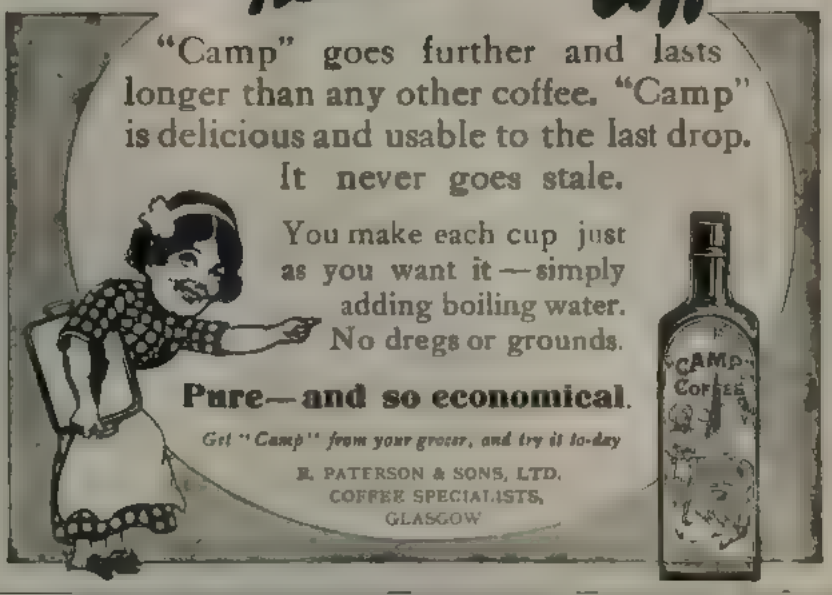
For five minutes they fluttered around the boat like snowflakes. Some floated away on the tide. The majority were captured. We cheered the three fishing lasses as they started the engine and drew away.

Five hours later we saw the last of Canada, mountains deep blue on the horizon against a flaming sunset. Perhaps half of us stayed up on deck for a last look at our native land. The rest went below to play bridge.

For three days after we passed Cape Race and got fairly out into the long Atlantic swells, the transports did more or less corkscrewing. Packages of seasick remedy were served out to all hands. The experienced and hardy members of the force with an eye to extra meals, did their best to drive others away from the dinner table by intimate discussions of all the details of seasickness. They were disappointed The hard work at Valcartier and the week on board ship in quiet water had given us all our sea legs, and probably not more than ten per cent. of the contingent missed even a single meal.

Getting enough to eat became a serious problem before the voyage was far under way. Stores apparently had been laid in on calculations based on the appetites of ordinary passengers. Muscular young fellows in first class physical condition are not ordinary


'Camp' the never-waste-a-drop Coffee


"Camp" goes further and lasts longer than any other coffee. "Camp" is delicious and usable to the last drop. It never goes stale.
You make each cup just as you want it — simply adding boiling water. No dregs or grounds.
Pure—and so economical.
Get "Camp" from your grocer, and try it to-day
R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD.
COFFEE SPECIALISTS,
GLASGOW
CAMP
Coffee

THE
Canadian Bank of Commerce
HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO
CAPITAL $15,000,000 REST $13,500,000
SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager
JOHN AIRD, Assistant General Manager
V. C. BROWN, Superintendent of Central Western Branches
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA, AND IN LONDON, ENGLAND, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of the number.

Accounts can be opened and operated by mail as easily as by a personal visit to the bank.

*"THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST"*

# CANADA

GROWS STRONG MEN AND STURDY CROPS

Plenty of Land—Plenty of Health Plenty of Opportunity.

Peace and Plenty never forsake the Canadian Farmer!

***Accept 160 Acres of Fertile Prairie***

***and prove it for yourself!***

Write for Information to
W. D. SCOTT,
Superintendent of Immigration,
OTTAWA, ONT.

OR

J. OBED SMITH
Assistant Supt. of Emigration,
11-13 Charing Cross,
LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND

passengers, and the salt air made us all feel that we could eat the regular meals three or four times over.

The barber shop canteen was bought out in two days. We advanced on the other positions previously reconnoitred, the kitchens and the bakery. Pies intended for the officers went for thirty-five cents to fifty cents; buns at six for a quarter. The [illegible] tried to stop traffic by threatening to send the cooks down to the stokehold, and by counting pastry as soon as it was baked. But all to no purpose. The "scouts" used to slip down the passage near the bakery door late at night after "Lights Out," pop [illegible] a side entrance behind the ovens and presently emerge with slight bulges under their great coats.

Another chance for "scouting" came when fatigue parties were sent down to the hold to bring up supplies. The hold is dark and much useful loot was stored there. One private in our company on fatigue, twice got half a dozen cakes of chocolate and two bottles of claret.

The routine of drill was not heavy. We only had enough to prevent our getting out of condition and forgetting what we'd learned at Valcartier.

There was a morning tramp of two miles round and round the deck with full packs on. The march was followed by stiff physical drill. Afternoon parade consisted of a run around the deck and instruction in semaphore signalling. In the evening we had lectures on outpost duty, on attack and defence and on measures to avoid disease.

Drills and lectures occupied at most four hours a day. In the offtime, singing, writing, cards and sky-larking were the order of the day. Soldiers are like overgrown boys in many ways, especially when they are passing out of the recruit stage. Accordingly there were lockstep processions to the tune of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and impromptu dances in the moonlight in the first week or so of the voyage. Later on, these antics were reserved for the nightly concerts, [illegible] with recitations of "Gunga Din" and minstrel sextets.

In the evenings, everybody, more or less, played cards or wrote letters. A favorite plan was a day by day letter to the family or the one and only. It was a curious scene—the smoking room which the men in the ranks had as their den—in one corner a dozen men lined up waiting to get ginger ale; at half the tables, groups betting loudly over games of euchre and five hundred; and at the rest of the tables, fellows with paper in front of them and pens in their hands, staring abstractedly at the ceiling through a fog of pipe smoke.

Make your CANDIES at home this CHRISTMAS with KNOX GELATINE

**You will find them delicious and inexpensive to make.**

This recipe shows you how easily and quickly *you* can make these new confections.

**KNOX FRENCH DAINTIES**

2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups boiling water
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine [illegible] cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water, then the sugar and [illegible] Let stand two minutes. Strain into moulds wet in cold water. Flavor [illegible] one and one-half tablespoons lemon juice. To the stiff [illegible] extract of lemon or vanilla. Pour to [illegible] cold water and stand over [illegible] Roll [illegible] granulated or powdered sugar and let [illegible]

[illegible] by using different flavors and colors and if desired, add chopped nuts, fruit [illegible] raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture

**Send for this FREE Recipe Book**

An illustrated book of recipes for Candies, Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name

Print name and address plainly

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
503 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory Montreal Canada

CHALLENGE
COLLARS
Ask your dealer to let you see the latest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All sizes or direct for 25c
THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
TORONTO

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best
MADE IN CANADA.

In spite of the fact that the whole contingent was hived in thirty-two transports and that the transports kept close together, the men on each ship were as ignorant of what was happening on the others as if they had been on the farther side of the ocean. We did not even know what regiments were on which ships.

We were in three lines close together with a war ship at the head of each line, a war ship on each flank and a war ship out in front and another in the rear. We showed no lights at night. No boat was permitted to use its wireless except the Admiral's and he only used it to overhear anything that was being said. All communication was done by signalling from boat to boat.

One morning I was sitting in the smoking cabin on A deck (the top one) when we heard the siren of our boat give a number of short blasts. This was the signal for man overboard. Naturally we all rushed out and sure enough there was a man's head bobbing in the water alongside us. The engines were reversed and a number of life preservers thrown.

Of course when we stopped the whole fleet stopped and there was a certain amount of danger that some of the boats would pile up on one another, as they very nearly did and you may be sure we weren't at all free from nervousness when we saw the Monmouth bearing down on us. I understand our captain didn't use altogether printable language either. We lowered a boat, but just before doing so the man in charge found he was one short, so called for another. Capt. Hargraft, of the 90th Regt., Winnipeg, was standing near and jumped in. They picked up their man and he had to sit in the bottom and hold his hand over a hole (the bung for which had been lost) while we all were deriving great amusement under the belief that he was seasick

It turned out that he was a sailor from the Royal Edward, immediately ahead of us. The only news of the outside world that filtered in was an occasional short Marconi bulletin, two or three hundred words long. And they contained nothing but very brief summaries of War news, and such items of British interest as that "Lord So-and-So, for sixty years keeper of the Royal Shoehorn, died suddenly today." At the date of writing we are still in ignorance of the winner of the World's Series.

Twice the monotony of ordinary drill was relieved by an order that all hands take a bath.

"Parade with a towel and a smile," said the sergeants. So we marched up on deck in that garb, left the towels hanging on the rail and marched under a stream of icy sea water from a hose manipulated by one of the crew. It was refreshing, if not particularly cleansing.

For three days near the end of the journey, sports took the place of drill. There were three-legged races and wheelbarrow races and rope climbing contests and a score of similar events. Best of all was the obstacle race. Each competitor, stripped to a shirt, had to crawl through a canvas chute filled with coal dust and flour, climbed under or over several other impediments and finally negotiate a tangle of ropes while a hose was played on him at the range of three yards.

The officers' pillow fighting astride of spars was another event that

# Useful New Invention

## Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co., of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co., of Canada, 250R Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral -Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only $5, although the regular price of these is $10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE.

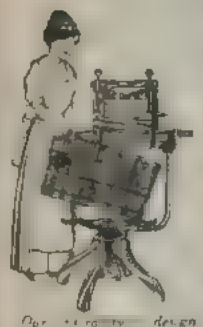
**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**
CONTAINS NO ALUM

THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM. AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Write to-day for particulars of my

# FREE TRIAL OFFER



A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about me and my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So said I to myself I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally,

**Power Washers**

If you have electricity or Gasoline Power available let me tell you about our "1900" Power Washers wash and wring by electricity by simply attaching to any electric light socket—no work at all, or the same machine can be operated from a Gasoline Engine.

E. S. MORRIS, MANAGER NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER Company
Factory—79-81 Portland Street, TORONTO, Ontario

# NEW COAL OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

10 Days FREE Send No Money

**We don't ask you to pay us a cent** until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasolene or acetylene. Lights and is put out like an Lamp. Tests at a number of leading Universities show it

**Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon**

common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, can won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

**$1,000.00 Reward**

will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new **Aladdin** in every way described in our circular. We will give more than this reward if there were the slightest reason to the merits of the **Aladdin**. **GET ONE FREE.** We want **one user in each locality** to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get one free.

**MEN WITH RIGS**
**Make $100 to $300 per Month**
Delivering
the ALADDIN on our [illegible]. No previous experience needed. Nearly every farmer, storekeeper, [illegible] will buy after [illegible]. Write never [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Who believes the Blaisdell Paper Pencil is best?

Standard Oil Company
United States Steel Corporation
United States Navy
Ford Motor Car Company

Just to mention several of the huge concerns using pencils by the 100,000 who have adopted Blaisdells either in whole or in part, after exhaustive tests. If they have found the Blaisdell to be the best pencil, how can you hope to find a better one?

Blaisdell 151 blue is the most popular pencil of its class in the world. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose. Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.

*Sold by all progressive Canadian Stationers.*

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

E&W RED MAN

THE COLLAR THAT MADE THE RED MAN BRAND FAMOUS

20c. or 3 for 50c.

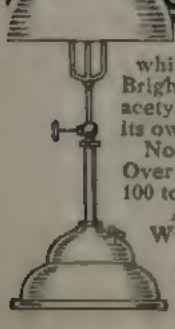
The acme of perfection in a high close fitting double fold collar. The most popular collar in America to-day. Baywood slightly higher. Teakwood slightly lower.

*For Sale by Canada's Best Men's Stores*

EARL & WILSON - New York

Makers of Troy's best product.

The "BEST" LIGHT



A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
443 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

"Twenty miles nearer Sudbruy thin," she said wistfully. "If we were only acrost we'd be goin' on her that far."

"You couldn't ride on a work-train, mother."

"I think they'd be takin' me if I told them about Jimmy, if only I could get acrost."

"That's a very great 'if' at present, Mrs. Maloney."

"This thrack, now," she glanced across the shining line of steel which bridged the chasm, "I'm that light—shure Jimmy could carry me undher his arm."

McNaughton whirled on her in amazement.

"Mrs. Maloney," he cried, "don't think of such a thing! There are gaps out there you could never jump across; and even your weight might loosen any one of those ties and send it down into the river—you with it. Besides, it would give and sway with your weight and motion. It would take a very quick and level-headed man for a thing like that. It would be absolutely impossible for—for you."

"I suppose so, an ould body like me," she answered, "but I feel that certain I could do it!"

McNaughton found her a seat near some other of the passengers. A moment later he was called away to give advice regarding the placing of the impromptu retaining wall.

"I will come back again in a little while, Mrs. Maloney," he promised. "You'll be comfortable, won't you?"

"Shure an' I will that. I'll just bide here till you come back, forbye the raft goes before then."

A man near turned toward her curiously. "They won't make a raft," he said, "not till the line's protected, and probably not then. Most people'll go back with our train to Lancelot, and they'll get a track across here by night."

"There'll be a boat to take *me* across," she insisted anxiously, "I'm Jimmy Maloney's mother, an' I've got to get seein' him when the throop-train gets into Sudbruy. Don't ye think there will, sor?"

"Maybe so, maybe so," the man answered, "but if I were you I'd go back with this train and go to Valcartier."

Mrs. Maloney said nothing. She sat with wistful eyes on the puffing work-train just across that stretch of muddy water, and on the shining rails that glinted and beckoned to her to follow their luring path. Perhaps the man was right about the raft. Perhaps Jimmy's train would come, and go, and so she would not see him. Perhaps, oh, perhaps, she would never see him again. And he would go without all the precious things in the basket, without ever knowing how she had loved and worked for him.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

Your Best Defence

Against Climate, Weather and Ill Health

Why do Governments always supply their soldiers with *woolen underclothes?*

Why do experienced travelers always wear *woolen underclothes?*

Why do sportsmen—hunters—sailors, etc., always wear *woolen underclothes?*

Because:—Clean, pure *Wool* is recognized as the only safe and healthful material to wear next the skin.

"CEETEE"

ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

UNDERCLOTHING

Is manufactured from only the very finest Australian Merino Wool scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form. It is all selvage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled; every join is knitted together, not sewn, as with ordinary underwear.

*CANADIAN-MADE FROM START TO FINISH AND ALL BRITISH MATERIAL*

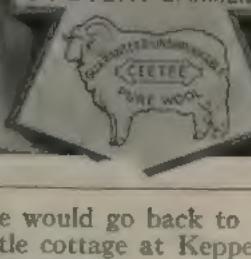
People wear "CEETEE" Underclothing because they know it to be the best.

*In All Sizes For Men, Women and Children*

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited, Galt, Ontario

Worn by the Best People
Sold by the Best Dealers

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT




And she would go back to the miserable little cottage at Keppel Corners, where there was not even the "bit pig" to squeal a welcome,—go back and unpack the things that were Jimmy's, and he'd never know—perhaps he'd *never* know!

She stood up uncertainly, taking a hesitating step toward the track. The watchman set to guard it had disappeared; there were few people about now; most of them had gone back to Kepanegan in the hope of break-

**The Perfect Gift**

BEAUTY, practicability and appropriateness—the three requisites of the ideal present—all are combined in

**BISSELL'S**

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

**CARPET SWEEPER**

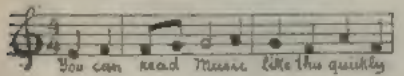
It's sure to please because it means lasting freedom from the drudgery of sweeping. It is light, easy to run, cleans thoroughly, confines the dust, saves carpets and rugs and is self-oiling. Made in handsome woods richly finished and with bristles beautifully nickeled. Every woman should like a new sweeper so she can keep her old one upstairs. Sold by reputable dealers everywhere at $3.00 to $4.75. Booklet showing a variety of pretty patterns mailed on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich. Niagara Falls, Canada

**REAL MUSIC TAUGHT FREE**

IN YOUR OWN HOME

By the oldest and most Reliable School of Music in America.—Established 1895.

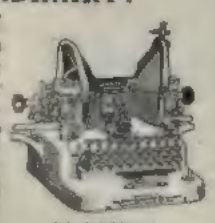



IN order to introduce our Home Study Music Course in your locality, we offer you, absolutely free, 96 lessons for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Cornet. After you have learned to play we are positive that you will recommend the lessons of the American School of Music, for either beginners or advanced pupils. Our lessons are suited to your needs. It matters not if you do not know one note from another, our lessons are so simple and easy that any person who can read English can learn to play. We send out lessons to you weekly, and with our free tuition offer, your only expense is for postage and music you use, which averages about 2 cents a day. Thousands of pupils all over the world write—"Wish I had known of your wonderful school before." Write to-day for our convincing free booklet which explains everything in full. Write now to the

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Lakeside Bldg. (810) Chicago, Illinois

**TYPEWRITER OPPORTUNITY EXTRAORDINARY!**

A combination of circumstances makes possible the greatest typewriter offer ever made in Canada.—A limited number of $125 American Built Standard Visible typewriters at a sensational price — long time payments—Free trial. Unlimited guarantee—Duty Paid. Send quick for Free Catalogue and information.



Model No. 5
LIFE GUARANTEE

General Manager
**Typewriters Distributing Syndicate**
166 Y30 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

fast. She moved slowly to the crumbling edge. Did she dare to go? The work-train was still standing in its place. Car after car had been unloaded. It might pull out any minute—now, while she watched—and her last chance to see Jimmy would go out with it. She must go quickly. Dared she go? Her heart beat, choking, in her throat and the hand that clutched the basket trembled. Her knees shook under her so that she could hardly stand.

"Shure I'm that wake," she whispered, "I'll be fallin'."

"The work-train gave a warning whistle and she started desperately forward. Before her the morning sunshine fell white and dazzling on the shining steel. She saw the little glittering shimmer of light on the poplar leaves and the stir of workmen across the gap. Then everything went into a misty golden blur that was like the smoke of battle, and in it she saw—not the big, strong son whom she was going to meet—but a little blue-eyed, curly-headed lad that twelve years before had been "the widow Maloney's Jimmy."

She was out four or five steps (four or five ties) from the edge of the chasm. Under her weight a tie went down. She stumbled, saved herself, panic-stricken, but still clutching the precious basket.

"Dear God," she prayed, "help a poor ould body like me. Help poor ould Annie Maloney all by her lone."

She said it over and over; its repetition someway helped her. The mist cleared from before her eyes. She recognized that the ties, bolted as they were to the rails and sleepers, were bearing her weight. She had a strange elate confidence. They were shouting to her now from the bank, but she did not listen. Her eyes never left the ties, watching for safe footing. More than once a tie had dropped. In one place two, but she had ceased to be afraid.

"They shall bear thee up in their hands."—"They shall bear thee up in their hands."—"Dear God, help an ould body. Help poor ould Annie Maloney."—"Bear thee up in their hands."—"Bear thee up in their hands."

Once she stumbled and fell, but was up and on again while the crowd gathered at either end still held their breath. How far it was! What miles and miles!—"Bear thee up in their hands."—The end must be near, but she dared not look.—"Oh God, help poor ould Annie Maloney."—What! Sand! Ballast! The land again! Breaking in on the music of her promise, "Bear thee up —" came the ringing 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! of the men. She grew suddenly faint and sick, and a man put his arms around her and laid her gently down on the track.

She woke because they were trying to take her basket.

"Lave it be," she said sternly, "'tis for Jimmy." Then, struggling to a sitting posture, "The thrain, its niver gone?"

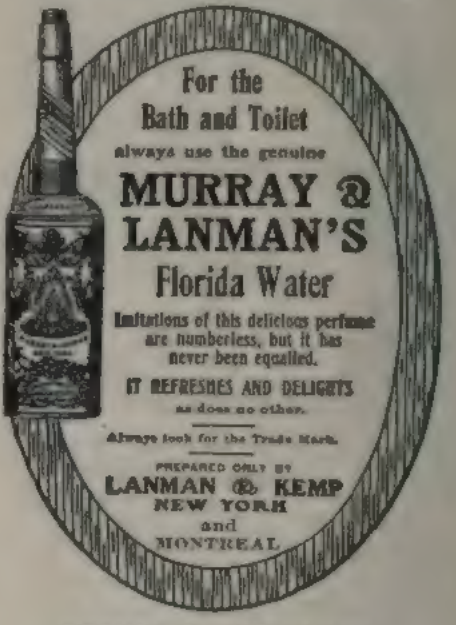
"Here yet. Just getting ready to back away."

She rose unsteadily to her feet.

The New Flavour
H.P. SAUCE
You can taste the delicious oriental fruits and spices which are blended with Pure Malt Vinegar by a secret process.

**THE MOST POPULAR PERFUME IN DAILY USE**

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE


For the Bath and Toilet
always use the genuine
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water
Imitations of this delicious perfume are numberless, but it has never been equalled.
IT REFRESHES AND DELIGHTS as does no other.
Always look for the Trade Mark.
PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP
NEW YORK
and
MONTREAL

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

"Shure I'm goin' *on* it," she said. "That's why I come. I've just *got* to see Jimmy at Sudbruy. He's goin' for a soldier," she explained, "I must say him good-bye."

Ten minutes later she was sitting in the caboose of the work-train. She leaned out toward the group of workmen who stood below the little window.

"When yez get acrost to the other side," she said, "will yez be good enough to say to Misther McNaughton —he's a big up-standin' man an' looks a bit like my Jimmy—say til him I was that ashamed, comin' off without so much as a thank ye, an' tell him they say there's a thrain goin' up to Sudbruy from Swan River, as 'll get there forninst the throop-train comes. Good-bye."

The engine puffed warningly. From both banks men swung their hats and shouted and the train was off.

## *The Jade Earring*

Continued from page 120.

apparently found it satisfactory," said I.

The doctor laughed. "Satisfactory isn't precisely the word I should use," said he. "It doesn't cover the ground at all. In fact, the portrait was so vivid and poignant a reminder of Claire herself that the sight of it, the day when she came here to the studio, upset her dreadfully. She looks forward to getting final possession of it with a mixture of anxiety and dread. In fact, the memory of it has possessed her imagination ever since in a way that I, as her physician, am forced to regret."

"The portrait, then," said I, "is more like the original than the photograph from which it was painted?"

The doctor nodded. "Strikingly so," said he.

Again I had to draw in a long, slow breath to steady myself. But when I had done that I managed to say, indifferently enough: "Oh, well, the ways of genius are past finding out. Mr. Jeffrey's genius as a portrait-painter seems to lie in getting beneath the surfaces of things and presenting the living reality.

"If he can do that with a living face, which is often inexpressive enough to the ordinary eye of the character beneath it, it is not so wonderful that he should do it, to a less extent, of course, with a momentary record of a face as it appears in a photograph. It's a great test of his powers, though, and a wonderful compliment to them."

The doctor nodded thoughtfully, and there was a little silence before he spoke again.

"Mr. Jeffrey lived in Paris for some time, didn't he?"

"Oh, years ago," said I. "Long before I knew him. Of course, like every painter, he goes back occasionally for visits."

"I suppose he's been back there within the last four or five years?"

"Oh, yes," said I.

The doctor let another moment go by in silence.

"I am going to be frank with you," he said at last, "and I hope you will be frank with me. I hope what I have already told you of my relation with Miss Meredith is enough to clear me of the charge of idle curiosity. Miss Meredith is far from a well woman. She has had the idea, ever since she came here to look at Mr. Jeffrey's portrait of her niece, that that portrait wasn't painted exclusively from the photograph. Mr. Jeffrey must have seen and remembered the girl herself. And nothing would satisfy her short of my coming to ask Mr. Jeffrey if that had been the case."

"I'm sure," said I, "that Jeffrey will be glad to go to see her and set her mind at rest in the matter."


# The greatest enemy of your skin

In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the *outside* enemy?

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime.

Examine your skin closely. If it is rough, sallow, coarse-textured or excessively oily, you are providing the very best soil for the thriving of these bacteria.

**How to make your skin resist this enemy**

Begin this treatment tonight: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Then with the tips of your fingers rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin using an upward and outward motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment for ten nights and you will see a marked improvement. If your skin should become too sensitive, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use it regularly in your daily toilet and *keep* your skin clear and fresh, free and healthy, and its insidious enemies will invariably meet defeat.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

*Rub its lather in*

*You can make your skin what you would love to have it*

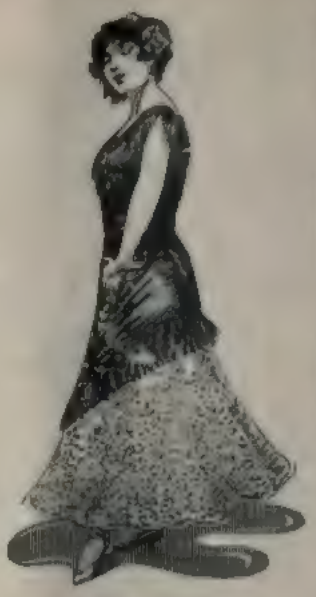
*For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.*

***Write today to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples***

*For 4c we will send you a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury book and Samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 111-W Perth, Ontario.*

# *Woodbury's Facial Soap*

## *Diamonds for Grand Opera Stars*



BASE metal is no fit setting for the golden voice of a great singer. So—in the new Edison Phonograph, the Reproducing Point is a Diamond.

This gem is a permanent part of the instrument—doing away with metal needles which must be changed with every record. With

# The new EDISON PHONOGRAPH

the liquid, melting, thrilling tones of the glorious grand opera voices come to you in all their ravishing richness and clarity. To hear Martinelli and Bonci—Lucrezia Bori and Anna Case—Polese and Caronna—is a treat indeed; and they are heard at their best with the new Edison Phonograph.

The new Edison Phonograph has the diamond reproducing point, unbreakable and long playing records, superior motors and construction, concealed horns, and the Cabinets are made in true Period styles, in perfect harmony with the finest furniture.

Remember, you have a standing invitation to call on any Edison dealer and have him play for you any record, or any number of Records, that you care to hear.

Whether you have an EDISON—or intend to get one—go and see the new instruments and hear the new records, or write us for complete information to-day.

TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

151

**Thomas A. Edison Inc., Orange, N. J.**



GOLD EDGES CLUB INDEXES

# CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

# BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES Hoyle up-to-date SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS

**For Social Play**

Congress Cards are delightful to eye and hand. Art backs in full color. Air-Cushion Finish makes dealing a pleasure.
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

**For General Play**

Better Cards can not be had at the price. Good cards can not be sold for less than Bicycle.
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U. S. A.


With all the man's easy frankness—his almost unnecessary frankness—I could not be rid of the feeling that there was something wary about him, watchful, alert. I had had that feeling through the whole of our interview. And with his reception of these last words of mine, it grew tenfold stronger.

"That won't be necessary," said he. "I'm afraid it wouldn't be advisable. She receives no visitors at all. In her present condition she is not able to receive them. But, if you know anything about it, one way or another, I wish you'd tell me. If you don't you can ask Jeffrey, when you see him, and drop me a line."

"I could say this much," said I, "that I am quite sure if Jeffrey had been painting from the memory of any living face he had ever seen, he would have told me so. He hasn't told me so, and therefore I conclude that Miss Meredith is mistaken. Surely the mistake is natural enough to one in her condition."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Of course," he said without much conviction in his voice. "It strikes me as possible though," he went on, "that he might have met her on one of his visits to Paris, while she was living there, or have seen her and been struck by her appearance without learning her name. I haven't seen her since she was a little girl, but I am told she grew into a very beautiful woman. So that a memory of her might have been evoked by the photograph, and could easily have had an effect on the portrait without his knowing it."

"That's ingenious at any rate," said I, "and almost plausible. How long had Miss Claire Meredith been living in Paris when she died of smallpox?"

"Not quite two years," said the doctor.

"Then I'm afraid that disposes of the theory. Jeffrey was living with me in an apartment on Madison Square all that time, and I know he didn't leave the country."

There was a little pause.

"He did go to Paris two years ago, didn't he?" The doctor said it very indifferently, so that it hardly sounded like a question at all. But all the same, he waited for an answer—waited, I'd almost have sworn, a little breathlessly.

"Oh, yes," said I. "My wife and I visited him there. But that, if my dates are right, was a year after the young lady died."

"Oh, yes," he said quickly. "I wasn't thinking of that."

But he had been thinking of just that, I felt sure. And unless my imagination was working overtime, he was paler than he had been when he came in.

*To be continued.*